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using Deborah Lippmann

**SOME
THINGS
CHANGE.**

**THE
VODKA
ISN'T
ONE OF
THEM.**

Stoli.

**THE
VODKA**



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THE HUSTLE ISSUE

FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE, I moved to London to embark on my career, offering to work for free as a fashion assistant just to get my foot in the door. Strapped for cash, I traded nightly housekeeping duties at a hostel near Victoria for a bottom bunk in a room with seven Australian and South African guys. In the hostel's lobby was a pool table, and with some coaching from my new roommates, my skills became fairly decent. My hustle was better. Good enough on most nights to relieve the American travelers who happened by of 10 to 20 quid—money for food and a tube ticket each day.

Before long I landed my first paying job in the fashion world. The way I see it, I've been hustling in one way or another ever since. And I'm not the only one. Americans are a nation of hustlers. Always have been.

In London, where I honed my game, the European aristocracy was still very much a thing. People were born into the upper class, or they weren't. America may not be quite the meritocracy we like to think it is, but it's long been a hustler's paradise—even more so since the Internet hummed to life, turning seemingly anyone with a smartphone, a social media account, and a healthy dose of bravado into an overnight millionaire and a small-screen superstar.

Even in this golden era of hustle, there are no guarantees. But there is a *chance*. You figure out what you've got, and you exploit it to the hilt. You take your shot. Then you take another. You hit every angle. And sometimes you are a little shameless. You want it bad.

This issue of *Maxim* is dedicated to that lofty pursuit—the hustle—in its many forms. We enlist the brilliant Guggenheim-fellowship-winning novelist Philipp Meyer, author of *The Son*—an extraordinary multigenerational chronicle of a family of Texas strivers—to offer his own hustler's credo (PAGE 16). We catch up with Patriots wide receiver Julian Edelman (PAGE 34) as he sets about turning his Super Bowl win into a would-be career as a pitcher. We introduce you to Alicia Vikander

(PAGE 24), the brilliant Swedish actress who's about to take Hollywood by storm. We look at how the Atlanta Hawks, magnificently shot by artist Pelle Cass, are redefining basketball, turning hustle into a team effort (PAGE 20). We delve into the bodybuilding underground, where some foolhardy gym devotees are risking their health to gain an easy advantage from a dangerous new class of muscle drugs (PAGE 54). And we help you perfect your own hustle with this month's Informer (PAGE 90), a comprehensive user's guide to optimizing your online dating strategy.

Meanwhile, we meet the new wave of gorgeous Instagram ingenues who live for a follow (PAGE 42). They hate being called "Insta-girls," and fair enough. So would I. But I sure do admire their hustle. Likewise David Beckham (PAGE 18), who had plenty of hustle on the field and two years into retirement still can't seem to slow down. And tech entrepreneur Stewart Butterfield (PAGE 76), who created Flickr and scored an even bigger win with his new billion-dollar app, the workplace communication tool and hustler's friend Slack. And Tina Kandelaki, the Russian socialite and marketing wiz tasked with reinventing the storied AK-47—an icon of combat and fear—as a weapon of peace (PAGE 84).

"Hustle is what separates the good from the great," my creative director aptly pointed out when we discussed ideas for the issue. It's working harder, faster, and smarter, or sometimes just having more swagger than the next guy.

Whatever strategy you land on, the key is to work it. From one hustler to another: respect.



Editor in Chief
KATE LANPHEAR



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IT'S WHAT MAKES ME walk out of parties, away from girls I would have cut my wrists to screw 10 years ago, because I know I need to wake up early and work. Even now, making the money I do. Even now, when most people would kill to get what I've got. **THERE IS NO** such thing as luck. There is only work. **THERE IS ALSO** staying out of your own way. For most people, this is the hardest. **AT 16 I DROPPED** out of high school. At 22 I got into Cornell. At 25 I got a job on Wall Street. At 28 I quit the job because I was the Great American Novelist. Wrote one book, then another; couldn't even get an agent, let alone a publisher. At 30 I was broke and living in my parents' basement, working one job in construction, a second job driving an ambulance, taking Ritalin to stay up writing after 24-hour shifts. Most of my friends thought I'd lost it, had a nervous breakdown, or, to put it mildly, overestimated my abilities. **AS LEONARD COHEN** pointed out, one of the most important qualities in a young poet is arrogance. You need a bulletproof ego. That ego allows you to be harder on yourself, harder on your work, than anyone else will ever be. It allows you to take risks that other people think are insane. **RESOLVE**, inner strength—whatever you want to call it—is a muscle. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. Most people let it wither to nothing. I use it every fucking day. **TO QUOTE** Miyamoto Musashi, a 16th-century samurai: To know ten thousand

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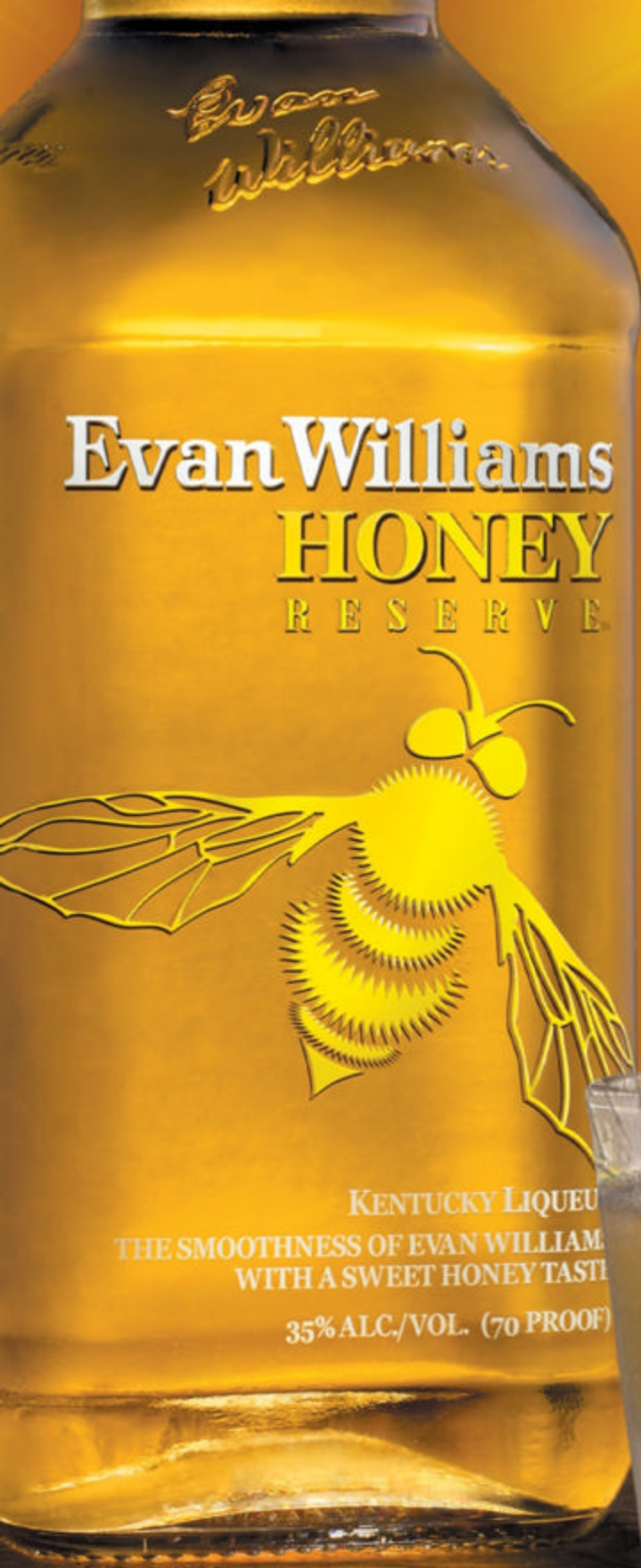
things, master one. Musashi had over 60 confirmed kills with a sword. Read the Kaufman translation; the others are worthless. **MUSASHI WAS** right. You only learn by mastering things. First it will become a habit; then it will become your nature. **EXCEPTION:** If you need to win every game of pool, cards, or checkers, you have a serious problem. You have to know when losing is good. **AM I THE MOST** talented guy? One of them. But at a certain level, talent stops mattering. You have to be willing to call bullshit on yourself and your ideas. In fact, if some of your ideas aren't bullshit, you aren't trying. **CERTAIN PEOPLE WILL** go out of their way to screw you. A third-string player hates nothing more than the guy who is headed for the majors. Ear-

ly in your career, some of these people will be your friends. **ALWAYS BE PUSHING** yourself. When I was 38, right as my novel *The Son* was coming out, I tried to join the Special Forces. I maxed all the tests, but at the last minute, the Army decided not to take me. In hindsight, this was probably a good thing. It was also the first time I saw I wasn't going to get everything I wanted. This was a good lesson, but I am trying to forget it. Thinking that way is pointless. **TO PARAPHRASE COHEN:** The world is conspiring to silence everyone. Including you. Don't be helping it along. **HUSTLE IS** staying ahead of your karma. Helping people who don't deserve it. Forgiving your enemies. **YOUR ONLY REAL** fear should be that one day you will start to listen to what other people say about you. It's easy when most of it is bad. Harder when most of it is good. But still. You ignore it. It's poison. **THIS HAS BEEN** said a million times, but you have to take the hardest path. You have to set the highest goal. Why? Because you will always fall short. **I HAVE NEVER** gotten exactly what I wanted. I wanted Harvard, ended up at Cornell. I wanted Goldman Sachs, ended up at UBS. I wanted the first book I wrote to get published—it was unreadable. I wanted the second book I wrote to be a best-seller—it didn't get published. The third book I wrote came out in several languages but didn't sell. The fourth book was a best-seller in seven countries, but I wanted to win the Pulitzer. Ended up a finalist. I know this will never stop. **I KEEP** hustling. ■

S

L E

by
**PHILIPP
MEYER**



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SHOT.**



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MY FAVORITE DRINK

SCOTCH, INTERRUPTED

SOCCER LEGEND
DAVID BECKHAM
HARDLY DRANK TILL
HE RETIRED TWO
YEARS AGO. BUT SOME
THINGS ARE WORTH
WAITING FOR.

I DIDN'T EVER REALLY ENJOY a drink—at least not properly—until after I retired, in 2013. My career lasted 21 years, and I didn't consume a lot of alcohol during that time. I couldn't. Of course, there was the odd night, celebrating a win. But even that was a challenge. One memorable example was in 1999, when Manchester United won the league championship. Typically, you'd have a big celebration afterward. We didn't, because we had to play six days later in the FA Cup final. We won that, but then we had to get ready for the championship final a week later. By the time we won the treble, we were so exhausted we could hardly stand.

So really, I had to wait quite a while to savor a glass of whisky, but that just made it all the more enjoyable. It was not long after we launched Haig Club, a single grain I'm associated with. I was up in Scotland with my family and a few friends—just seven of us—in a nice, cozy little room in this lovely whisky bar. I was in a beautiful place with people that I loved, having a whisky I enjoy so much.

I had been so focused over those two decades, I woke up all of a sudden and thought, *OK, what do I get to do now? I actually do get to go out to dinner and have a glass of wine or a glass of whisky?*

That's not to say I'm sitting in a rocking chair. Last year I took a motorbike trip through the Amazon, and I'm working on setting up an MLS expansion club in Miami. But it's so nice to have some time to relax and enjoy life with family and friends. —**AS TOLD TO OLIVER JONES**



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TOTAL BALLERS

IN A LEAGUE DOMINATED BY EGO, THE ATLANTA HAWKS ARE REINVENTING TEAM PLAY.

KYLE KORVER, SG
MIN: 33, PTS: 12.7, FG%: 50

DeMARRE CARROLL, F
MIN: 32, PTS: 11.8, FG%: 46.3

JEFF TEAGUE, PG
MIN: 31, PTS: 16.8, FG%: 46.5

SHELVIN MACK, PG
MIN: 14, PTS: 4.7, FG%: 38.5

THE FORMULA BEHIND a winning NBA franchise is well established—shower millions on a superstar, add a worthy sidekick in his prime, throw in a fading great, and fill the bench with role players and specialists. The Atlanta Hawks have triumphed with an altogether different strategy: simply running other teams ragged. While opponents may boast the names, talent, and raw athleticism, the Hawks have created a singular, terrifying force out of many moving parts, all under the banner of teamwork and grit.

It begins with the nightmare matchup of center Al Horford with forward Paul Millsap, whose game is flourishing in a way it never could in the wastelands of Salt Lake City. Up top is Jeff Teague, a hungry young point guard whose insane speed, cuts, and dishes leave defenders nursing broken ankles. And in the corner waits the cagey veteran Kyle Korver, a sharpshooter who's been sinking three-pointers this year with supernatural precision.

"Hustle is everything in basketball," Horford says. "Whether it's diving on the floor for the loose ball or making an extra rotation to help your teammate, whatever it takes to win—that's hustle. We play that." —MAX RIVLIN-NADLER

HUSTLE



DENNIS SCHRODER, PG
MIN: 18, PTS: 8.5, FG%: 44

PAUL MILLSAP, F
MIN: 33, PTS: 16.9, FG%: 47.5

AL HORFORD, C
MIN: 31, PTS: 15.4, FG%: 53.9

KENT BAZEMORE, SG
MIN: 14, PTS: 4.2, FG%: 43.6

THE NEW KING OF VEGAS

HAKKASAN'S BID TO TAKE OVER THE VEGAS CLUB SCENE BEGAN WHEN A WEALTHY SHEIK WAS DENIED A PRIZE TABLE AT A HOT NIGHT SPOT AND RESOLVED TO BUILD HIS OWN NIGHTCLUB EMPIRE IN REVENGE—OR SO RUMOR HAS IT. WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT THE CHINESE RESTAURANT CHAIN, LED BY NEIL MOFFITT, HAS SPENT TWO YEARS AND MANY MILLIONS TO EXPAND ITS FOOTPRINT AND SNAG SOME OF THE WORLD'S TOP DJs. BETS ARE OFF ON WHETHER THE GAMBIT WILL ULTIMATELY SUCCEED, BUT HERE'S A LOOK AT THE STATE OF PLAY.

by **MICHAEL KAPLAN**

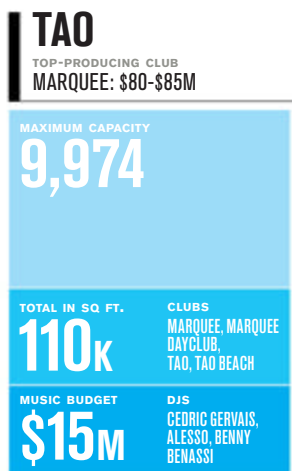


VICTOR DRAI
OWNER OF DRAI'S NIGHTCLUBS

Eschews the priciest EDM DJs for pop acts like Chris Brown and Iggy Azalea. The original managing partner of XS and Tryst, Drai got a \$15 million buyout on leaving Wynn. Exes include Jacqueline Bisset and Kelly LeBrock. **He produced *Weekend at Bernie's*.**

BUBBLE TROUBLE

One notorious big spender bought 700 bottles of Champagne and wound up spraying most of it into the air.

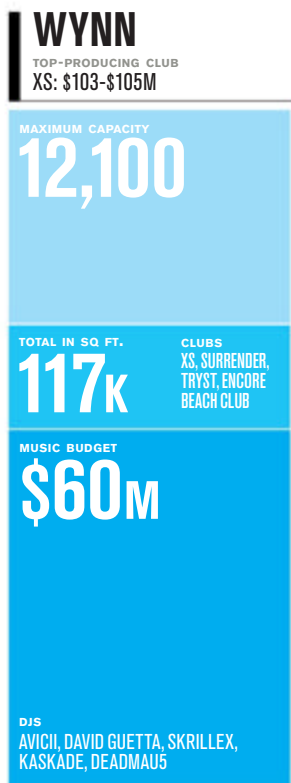


JASON STRAUSS
PARTNER OF TAO GROUP

Having outfitted Marquee with a \$5 million stage and multimedia system, Strauss claims his club, which **sells more than 1 million vodka-based cocktails per year**, is the first solely dedicated to EDM. He once dated Tiger Woods' ex Rachel Uchitel.

UP IN THE SKY

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SEAN CHRISTIE
MANAGING PARTNER OF SURRENDER

Created Las Vegas' first top-optional day club, Bare; is managing partner of the restaurant Andrea's and **has a cameo in the upcoming *Paul Blart Mall Cop 2*.**

WALL OF BEER

Seeking privacy, a high-roller at XS spent \$80,000 for 400 cases of beer to build a fortress around his table.



NEIL MOFFITT
CEO OF HAKKASAN

Threw money at top DJs—including Tiësto, Calvin Harris, and Afrojack. Got his start by buying and rehabbing pubs in gritty London neighborhoods. **Went on a real estate buying spree last year, spending a reported \$81.9 million on homes.**

SHOW THE LOVE

As one Light clubgoer dropped to his knees to pop the question, a Cirque du Soleil aerialist swooped down to present a ring. She said yes.



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A VERITABLE
VIKANDER FILM
FESTIVAL.

IT GIRL

THE SWEDE HEREAFTER

WITH SIX NEW MOVIES
THIS YEAR ALONE,
INCLUDING THIS
MONTH'S *EX MACHINA*,
ALICIA VIKANDER
IS HOLLYWOOD'S
HARDEST-WORKING
INGENUE.

THOSE LAYING EYES ON Alicia Vikander for the very first time are advised to savor the moment. Drink it in. Because before you know it, the girl will be everywhere.

The ravishing 26-year-old actress with the dark, smoldering gaze and estimable bone structure is largely unknown outside her native Sweden, except to devotees of high-toned costume drama who took note of her winning performances in *Anna Karenina* and *A Royal Affair*. But 2015 will herald her transformation into a star, with a veritable Vikander film festival. She began the year as a bewitching femme fatale opposite Ewan McGregor in the Down Under heist thriller *Son of a Gun* and turned up a month later with Julianne Moore, Jeff Bridges, and a mess of dragons in the swords and sorcery epic *Seventh Son*. "Alicia is so lovely," Moore enthuses. "It's no surprise she was trained as a dancer before she became an actor; she moves with such grace and assurance."

This month, Vikander portrays a robot—a very attractively designed robot—in Alex Garland's AI thriller *Ex Machina*. August will bring *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, based on the beloved '60s TV series, with Vikander as a stylish superspy, followed by *The Light Between Oceans*, a windswept weepie with Michael Fassbender, about a married couple on an isolated island. Then comes *Tulip Fever*, a romance set amid the flower-market frenzy of 17th-century Holland, with Christoph Waltz and Dame Judi Dench, and—deep breath—last but not least, a still-untitled film directed by *The West Wing*'s John Wells about the creation of a high-end restaurant, costarring Bradley Cooper.

There will be more films to follow, of course, and magazine covers, red-carpet promenades and paparazzi scrums, chat shows, and luxury ad campaigns. But for now, she's fresh—the gorgeous and prodigiously talented newcomer from Sweden. The one you've never heard of. —AARON GELL



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ROUGH AND READY

WITH WOMEN SWOONING OVER THE HAIRY HE-MAN TYPE KNOWN AS THE “LUMBERSEXUAL,” IT’S TIME FOR AVERAGE GUYS TO PUT DOWN THE WAXING STRIP AND SEIZE THE MOMENT.

THE SEX WAS GOOD. “A little bit rough, in the best way,” says Emily, a slender, 26-year-old blonde who bedded a scruffy, muscular Alaskan named Matt while he was vacationing in New York not long ago. After too many dates with wishy-washy Brooklynites, she found Matt’s assertiveness and hardy, *Man vs. Wild* looks (less Christian Grey and more Brawny Paper Towel Guy) an irresistible turn-on. And that was before she found out Matt actually worked for a logging company. “Clean-shaven is not my thing,” she explains. “Give me broad shoulders, give me a beard. I want a man who can make things.”

She’s in luck. The lumbersexual (like his quirkier cousin, the bear-do) first appeared in hipster enclaves like Bushwick, Portland, and Austin several years back. Before long his calloused, manly fingerprints were all over the popular imagination, and fashion-forward dudes everywhere were donning \$375 flannel shirts and raw, meticulously prebattered denim in his image.

Now dating sites are hopping on the trend: LumberMatch and Bristlr pair the burly and the hirsute with the women who love them.

Not familiar with the type? As writer Tom Puzak put it when he coined the term last fall, the lumbersexual seems “like a man of the woods...his backpack carries a MacBook Air but looks like it should carry a lumberjack’s ax.” In urban centers, he is likely a chef, a tattoo artist, a metalsmith, or a tech guy who’s simply lost his razor. And he is giving the metrosexual a run for his money.

Not since the days of westward expansion have women so eagerly fetishized the thick musculature and red-blooded mind-set of the rugged outdoorsman. Take the popular blog Your LL Bean Boyfriend, which displays photos of strapping models in nubby, shawl-collared knitwear with the tagline “He will build you a table and then have sex with you on it.” Or the bewhiskered indie rocker Justin Vernon of Bon Iver, who kicked off his solo career in an isolated cabin in the wilderness.

Actress Megan Mullally found her lumbersexual mate-for-life in actor and boatbuilder Nick Offerman, of *Parks and Recreation* fame. Before she met Offerman, Mullally says, “I had dated these androgynous, semigayish rock ‘n’ roll drummer types.” The first summer, Mullally visited Offerman in Minnesota: “Nick had this idea to take a romantic ride onto the lake at midnight on this pontoon. He left the headlight on as we were sort of drifting, and when he went to start the motor, it was dead. So he rowed us to shore with one paddle. It took four hours. And that was my first taste of the superhero within.”

Michael Kimmel, Ph.D., a leading masculinity scholar, says that by choosing to dress like woodsmen and seafarers, lumbersexuals are “evoking workplaces that were all-male [and] required a tremendous

amount of physical strength.” He calls the trend “the sartorial equivalent of *Fight Club*.” Lumbersexuality serves as a welcome release from the oppressive cubicle-dwelling lifestyle—even if the bulk of time a lumbersexual spends in the great outdoors is devoted to drinking craft beers on a bar patio.

Now the fantasy has crept into the mainstream: See Julian Edelman’s beard (page 35), by far one of the most viral takeaways from the Super Bowl—second, perhaps, to the most swooned-over farmer ever to lose a puppy. Meanwhile, reality series that explore gritty environments—*Deadliest Catch*, *Black Gold*, *Ice Road Truckers*, *Alaskan Bush People*—have become highly rated TV staples, due in no small part to their erotic appeal to a certain female viewership.

Hollywood, too, has been falling at the steel-toed work boots of the lumbersexual. Take Matthew McConaughey, who has been sporting an unkempt beard that might read as “hermit in the woods”...were it not for the stunning wife at his side. Chris Pratt may have toned up for *Guardians of the Galaxy*, but it’s his affable scruffiness that grabbed millions of women in the first place. Charlie Hunnam of *Sons of Anarchy* may boast a serious man bun, but he’s still the platonic ideal of a rustic bad boy. And *Game of Thrones* is a veritable cavalcade of raspy-voiced virility.

So what does this mean for real guys—everyday men who make their livings well beyond the confines of Greenpoint or Silver Lake, who know their way around a crankshaft and can split a piece of timber, who hunt and fish and may never once have thought of a pipe wrench as a fashion accessory?

Your moment has arrived, gentlemen. You’re hot. It’s time to take full advantage.

Because these other guys, the hipster dudes with the checked wool A.P.C. shirts? They’ve been biting your style and reaping the romantic rewards for far too long. Women don’t actually want a pale facsimile of a rigorous manly man: They want the genuine article.

Julianne, 29, a sexy Southerner, just calls them “country dudes.” Based on her personal investigations, she finds the type is generally well endowed and skilled in bed. “They have been almost uniformly super-psyched to get me naked, in a vocal but not aggressive way,” she enthuses, “and very interested in making sure I’m having a good time.” She fondly recalls “repeatedly banging an avid duck hunter in the back of a pickup truck in a rural Georgia forest.”

Turns out that hard work—the kind that doesn’t require a mouse pad—might actually pay off after all. —GABRIELLA PAIELLA

NOT SINCE THE DAYS
OF WESTWARD
EXPANSION HAVE
WOMEN SO
EAGERLY FETISHIZED
THE THICK
MUSCULATURE
AND RED-BLOODED
MIND-SET OF
THE RUGGED
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LITTLE BIG MAN

JULIAN EDELMAN MAY BE ONE OF THE SHORTEST RECEIVERS IN THE GAME, BUT WITH A SUPER BOWL RING AND OUTSIZE AMBITION, HE'S ABOUT TO BECOME A MAJOR PRESENCE. IF HE CAN ONLY STAY ON HIS FEET.

SIXTY-ONE HOURS AFTER hoisting the Vince Lombardi Trophy on a makeshift stage in University of Phoenix Stadium, Julian Edelman steps onto the roof of a former troop transport and waves the flag of Patriots Nation. It's cold, but he's wearing a T-shirt. He's yelling. He's dancing. He's trending on Twitter. And he's gamely fielding questions—save the ones about whether he suffered a concussion in the fourth quarter, or about “Sabrina,” the Tinder user who just posted an image showing him asleep in a messy bed under the caption “Just fucked Edelman no lie.”

“Note to self,” he says, laughing, a few days later. “No more selfies while unconscious.”

Edelman spent his first four years in the NFL transforming himself from a run-and-gun quarterback into a hyper-agile *x* in one of the Patriots' complex offensive schemes, and another two on bruising crossing routes. Now, post-championship, he's got a small window, maybe two or three weeks, to make Julian Edelman a thing.

Then he needs to get back to the gym.

“I can remember, after my last game in college, thinking about becoming a fireman,” says Edelman, whom a pro scout described as “too small and unconventional” when the Patriots took him in the last round of the 2009 NFL draft. Now showered and beardless in the Mandarin Oriental's 35th-floor lobby in midtown Manhattan, he's the one on fire.

“What I have to do now,” he says, “is think about this moment and do everything I can to capitalize on this opportunity.”

Edelman, who goes by Jules, has a four-year contract potentially worth \$19 million, as well as relationships with Puma and CoachUp, a private-trainer-matchmaking start-up, but still lacks major endorsement deals (if you don't count his gig as a pitchman for Romm Diamonds in Brockton, Mass.). But a star who looks that good enjoying post-coital REM in a stranger's bed belongs on a billboard for something or other.

Even if he shrugs off compliments with a pinch of cherry Skoal, Jules knows it's time to be the face of something. He may be “another shortish white dude,” as he puts it, but other shortish white dudes don't pull models like him or catch like him or have a Super Bowl ring like his.

The moment calls for strategy. “It's like a test,” he says of being in the public eye. “If you didn't study, you're going to be nervous as shit...” Spying Michael Strahan sitting with Chris Rock in the corner of the hotel restaurant, he pauses, considering the potential plays.

Edelman approaches the pair, shaking Strahan's hand and almost bowing to Rock. It would be too forward to sit down, so he thanks Strahan again for having him on his show earlier in the day, says something about the attention, and backs away. Strahan, who has spent the bulk of his retirement on camera, laughs.

“Get used to it,” the Hall of Famer booms. “Just get used to it.”

Sitting at a nearby table, Jules makes it clear he's happy with the

interaction—“Chris fucking Rock!”—then refocuses. If a voice in his head is reciting Rock's “no sex in the Champagne room” bit, it's shouted down by another voice, the one that reminds Edelman, “You don't have any of this shit unless you play good football.”

That voice belongs to his father, Frank Edelman.

Jules talks about him with bald-faced admiration. “You know there's a saying, ‘East side of the tracks’? Well, my dad was from the east side of the freeway on the east side of the tracks,” he says. “You've got your financial adviser and your accountant and your marketing people and your friends, but my decisions always come back to my father and me.” It was his father who told him to hang tough in Pop Warner when he was lining up to get mauled by bigger kids from fancier towns. “I'd go to my dad and say, ‘When am I going to grow?’” Julian remembers. “He would say, ‘Son, when you get to be the same size, it's going to be unfair.’”

“Edelmans don't mature until they're 18,” Frank grumbles into the phone. “But he benefited from it because he was never afraid of a bigger guy. There are a lot of men-children out there, and when they meet a guy their own size, they panic. Jules is different. He's just kamikaze.” Frank gives his son full credit for all the success. “Whatever he's gotten, he's gotten himself,” he says, pausing. “I sob when I think about it.”

Still, the Super Bowl win isn't the end of the story. If Julian doesn't suffer head trauma at the hands of a special teams gunner, his career could still be cut short by Bill Belichick, the double-edged sword patrolling the sideline in a hoodie. Like every Patriot, every Pats fan, and no one else in America, Edelman talks about “Coach Belichick” with reverence. But he also understands that loyalty is secondary. “If there's someone out there who's better or cheaper or something like that, I'll lose my job,” he says.

A trade would be devastating for Edelman. There are few QBs—and fewer coaches—who prefer a flyweight shuttle-run specialist to a leggy sprinter. Talented as he is, Edelman suffers from a condition common among receivers: He's at the mercy of the guy throwing the ball. The fact that Brady, dominant as he may be, is 37 looms large.

“It's a temp job,” he says, then he points across the restaurant.

“With Mr. Strahan, you see how he seized opportunities. I guarantee he worked his ass off to get where he's at and do what he's doing right now. You look at that and you have nothing but respect.”

Edelman shows his respect quietly, opting not to stop at Strahan's table on his way out. That doesn't prevent the former end from watching him move through the restaurant. Whether you're on the field or on television, there is always someone new gunning for a spot, someone younger and hungrier, ready to work harder than everyone else.

There goes that guy.

—ANDREW BURMON

“THERE ARE A LOT OF MEN-CHILDREN OUT THERE, AND WHEN THEY MEET A GUY THEIR OWN SIZE, THEY PANIC. JULES IS DIFFERENT. HE'S JUST KAMIKAZE.”

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY **MATT JONES** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**

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THE LATEST ELECTRIC SKATEBOARD CONQUERS HILLS, HITS 20 MPH ON LEVEL GROUND, AND TRAVELS 16 MILES ON A SINGLE CHARGE.



SKATEBOARDS ARE BUILT for short distances and big air. Lengthy rides? Not so much. Commute to the office on one and you'll be sodden with sweat from what Lupe Fiasco called the "kick...push." The electric **ZBoard 2 Blue** is designed for the long haul. Fitted with a high-efficiency, 500-watt brushless motor, the 16-pound board can outpace a North American roadrunner. It works like this: A pair of curved, pressure-sensitive footpads on the deck engage an accelerator and a set of brakes. The system is responsive and easy to guide—all that's required is a little balance. No, the electric cruiser's not meant for kickflips, rail grinds, or even ollies (the engine sits on the deck's underside), but it can zip up hills and conquer distances that would leave other riders relacing their Vans and preparing for a long walk home. \$1,199; zboardshop.com —**MATT BERICAL**

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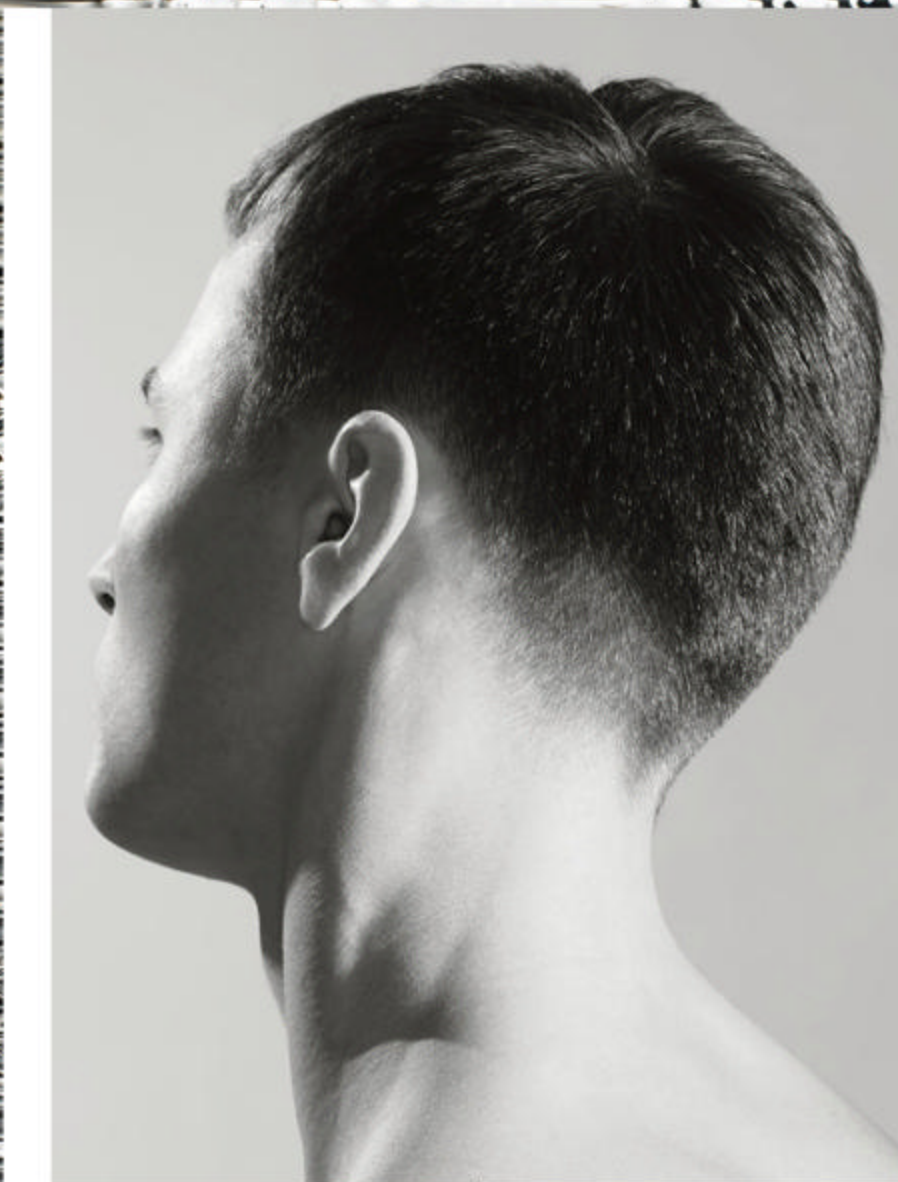
HEAD GAMES



NO GREAT HUSTLER'S GAME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A SIGNATURE HAIRCUT AND SCENT. ACCOMPANY THESE TIGHTENED-UP TRIMS WITH AGGRESSIVELY MASCULINE SCENTS OF LEATHER, WOOD, AND TOBACCO, AND PREPARE TO MAKE A POWERFUL IMPRESSION.

HIGH AND DRY

This smartly disheveled cut is a more laid-back take on looking good. Long on top, but low on maintenance. **SHEAR SECRET:** Try Mitch Reformer by Paul Mitchell to keep texture on top loose and always on the move. **SIGNATURE SCENT:** Dolce & Gabbana Intenso. Woody and intense, with a whiff of tobacco and hay.

**CLOSE ENCOUNTER**

You'll need to buzz the back and sides every two weeks, but this short crop sends a clear-cut message about your attention to detail.

SHEAR SECRET: Employ a quality barber to expertly fade that perfect blend from short to longer. **SIGNATURE SCENT:** Burberry Brit Rhythm. A manly, smoky salute spiked with spices, cedarwood, and leather.



NEW WAVE

Channel the style of agency heads and digital design types by embracing your natural wave and texture...in one fell swoop.

SHEAR SECRET: Stay unfussily groomed by trimming around the ears, sides, and back of neck—it's OK if your top approaches mop.

SIGNATURE SCENT: Gucci Guilty. Sexy and rugged, with citrus and cedar notes.

COLOGNES PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY WESTBROOK; GROOMING, HESTER WERNERT-RIJN FOR BALMAIN HAIR AT UNSPOKEN AGENCY, AMSTERDAM; MODELS, ALEXANDER VANDER STICHELE AND RUUD VAN BUREN AT SUCCESS MODELS, PARIS



OIL SLICK

This high-shine precision part and cut commands attention for Wall Street wolves and cubicle kings alike. **SHEAR SECRET:** For gloss and structure that doesn't look shellacked, use Pomade by American Crew. **SIGNATURE SCENT:** Issey Miyake Nuit d'Issey. A woody, spicy essence that's redolent of fine leather.

A full-page photograph of a woman from the waist up, wearing a purple two-piece bikini. She is standing on a beach with a white metal fence in the background. Her skin is wet and glistening with water droplets. She is holding a dark object, possibly a phone, in her right hand. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

DIVE IN
WITH FOUR
INSTAGRAM
BEAUTIES
WHO ARE
ON THE FAST
TRACK TO
SOCIAL-MEDIA
SUPREMACY.

THANKS FOR SHARING

MEET JULIA KELLY, Kyra Santoro, Mara Teigen, and Isabelle Cornish. Whether rocking bikinis on the beach or pausing mid-workout at the gym to shoot another perfect selfie (iPhone held aloft in mirror), they're all about capturing hearts—the kind that appear when you “like” their photos on Instagram. And they are very, very good at amassing those likes, attracting and maintaining followers, and burnishing their personal brands. It's not *just* that they're impossibly gorgeous; they're experts on which filters to use, how to hashtag, and when to post pictures. They optimize. They hustle. They've mastered the art of making it as a model in the Instagram-obsessed age of Kendall and Karlie, where social media reigns supreme and big breaks come to those with big followings. Which is why these four Insta-up-and-comers are already making a major splash and posting their way to prominence. —CHRIS WILSON

ISABELLE CORNISH**@isabellecornish****HOMETOWN:** Sydney,
Australia**FOLLOWERS:** 167,000**INSTA-QUOTE:** "Be yourself,
be creative, and hopefully
people will catch on. I like
to spread healthy-living
vibes through my Instagram."

KYRA SANTORO

@kyrasantorox

HOMETOWN: Calabasas, California

FOLLOWERS: 461,000

INSTA-QUOTE: "The best comment a guy can leave is something like 'great smile' or 'pretty eyes.'"

This page:

One-piece, Cosabella.
Necklace and ring, Scosha.

**Opposite page,
clockwise from top:**

On Mara: One-piece,
Solid & Striped. On Isabelle:
One-piece, Sonia by Sonia
Rykiel; pendant and
earrings, BaubleBar. On
Kyra: Bikini, Sonia by Sonia
Rykiel; necklace, Scosha.

Previous page:

One-piece, American
Apparel. Visor, Lacoste.
Pendant, BaubleBar.
Rings, Scosha.



MARA TEIGEN

@marateigen_

(Buffalo Instababe)

HOMETOWN: Las Vegas

FOLLOWERS: 371,000

INSTA-QUOTE: "I use four Instagram filters—Normal, Slumber, Crema, and Ludwig. Those are my faves."





This page:

Bikini, Orlebar Brown.
Necklace, Scosha.

Opposite page:

Bikini, Rachel Pally.
Ring, Scosha.



JULIA KELLY

@missjuliakelly

HOMETOWN: Portland, Oregon

FOLLOWERS: 1 million

INSTA-QUOTE: "I never use hashtags. I just don't like the way they look."

LOTS TO CHEW, NONE TO UNWRAP



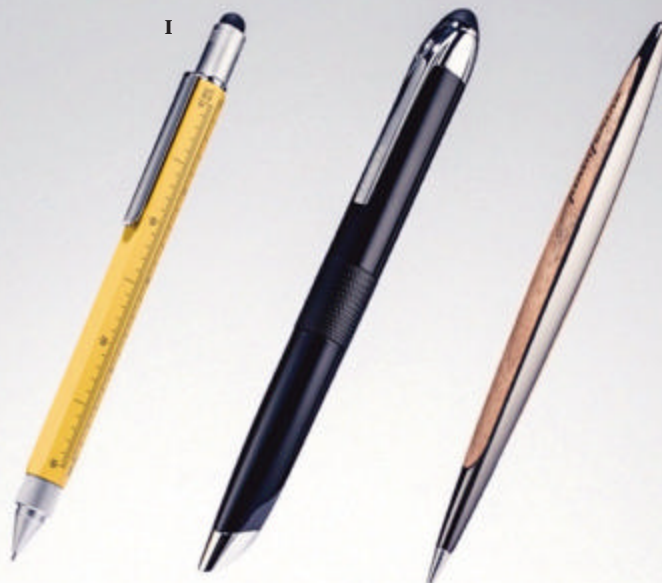
THE GUM YOU LOVE, NOW UNWRAPPED

HELPS FIGHT CAVITIES

TOOL TIME

THE KEY TO LIFE IS SIMPLE: WORK FASTER, PLAY MORE. ANY GADGET THAT DOESN'T ADVANCE THIS NOBLE QUEST HAS NO BUSINESS IN YOUR BRIEFCASE. HERE, A FEW THAT DO.

by ERIK SOFGE



I MIGHT MAKES WRITE

E-mail may begin the deal, but pens still sign the dotted line. These three writing tools make the case for cursive:

(From left) **The Monteverde One Touch Tool Pen** gets work done. In addition to its smooth, reliable ballpoint, it houses nine different instruments, including a touchscreen stylus and double-sided screwdriver (flat and Phillips). Kitchen sink sold separately. **From \$30;** monteverdepens.com

Never again let a latte spill ruin a billion-dollar brainstorm. (Hate when that happens.) In addition to scribbling like a standard ballpoint, the **Livescribe 3 Pro Edition** pairs with an iPhone or iPad via Bluetooth and flings your brilliant ideas to the cloud. It even records audio. **\$200;** store.livescribe.com

The new aluminum, wood-accented hardtop from acclaimed Ferrari design firm Pininfarina never needs a fill-up: Instead of standard ink, the **Forever Pininfarina Cambiano** uses a metal-alloy tip that galvanizes any paper it touches. **\$119;** yafa.com

II ALWAYS BE JUICING

We've all been there: squatting by a stray Starbucks outlet to suckle a few more drops of charge. No more. Slim as a smartphone, the easily stowable 10.4-ounce **Anker 2nd Gen Astro E4** dual-device battery refuels tablets once or most phones more than twice. *\$90; ianker.com*

III BE YOUR OWN HOTSPOT

The promise of stable, go-anywhere wireless Internet access typically requires a monthly data contract. The **Karma Go** is free of such Faustian deals. You buy it outright and pay in advance for data that never expires (*\$14 per GB*). *\$149; yourkarma.com*

IV NEVER LOSE ANYTHING

What good is having a mess of gear if you're always misplacing it? The **Nokia Treasure Tag Mini** is here to help. Synced with your phone and secured to a bag, the device plots its location on an app and pings you

when it's out of range. The Tag lasts six months on a single battery and saves hours of wandering the airport like a lunatic. *\$17; microsoft.com*

V POWER UP YOUR PHONE

It takes a lot for an app to score prime home-screen placement. But **Expensify** (*from \$5 a month*), which organizes trip expenditures by capturing receipts and miles traveled, makes the cut. So do **Timeful** (*free*), a calendar app that syncs with your schedule and suggests ways to up efficiency, and **Turboscan** (*\$3*), which captures images as pdfs.

VI STREAM YOUR DECK

Plug the **Airtame** into any TV's or projector's HDMI port to beam whatever is currently on the screen of your phone, tablet, or computer. Setting up a PowerPoint—or showing everyone that incredible gallery on Maxim.com—is as easy as streaming *House of Cards*. *\$149; airtame.com*



II



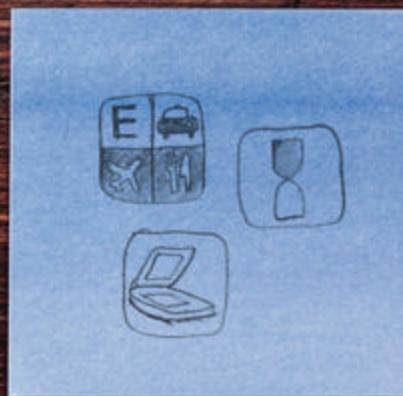
III



IV



V



VI



MODEL SUBMISSIONS

As the home of the hottest girls in the world, Maxim is always looking for fresh faces. If you think you have what it takes to be featured in the magazine, on Maxim.com or a model at our Maxim events, send us your photos for a chance to be considered.

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VII COMBINE YOUR CABLES

Never dig through a nest of cords again. This **Brunton Power Knife's** Swiss Army approach to cables has Apple (30-pin and Lightning) and micro-USB connectors on one side and a standard USB on the other for simple syncing and refueling. *\$25; brunton.com*

VIII GET KEYED UP

Near-full-size keys and a built-in stand make the **Zagg Pocket** ideal for getting to work on a big phone or a small tablet; the Bluetooth board's foldable design makes it easy to stash when the job is done. *\$70; zagg.com*

IX TURBOCHARGE YOUR TABLET

Google's Nexus 9 is a processing powerhouse, the first to feature both a 64-bit CPU and a 64-bit OS (the newest, most stable iteration of Android). Ideal for jumping from Excel to Skype without a hint of lag. *From \$399; play.google.com*

X DITCH THE DRIVE

With no moving parts and up to a terabyte of memory, the ultracompact **Samsung SSD T1** is the ideal way to take your work on the road—or steal the secrets of an unfriendly foreign principality, should the opportunity present itself. *From \$180; samsung.com*

XI USE A HACK-PROOF WALLET

Know this: Armies of thieves would like nothing better than to steal your identity and destroy your life. Thwart their best efforts with **Wocket Smart Wallet**, which combines your cards into a single device accessible via voice or PIN. *\$150; wocketwallet.com*



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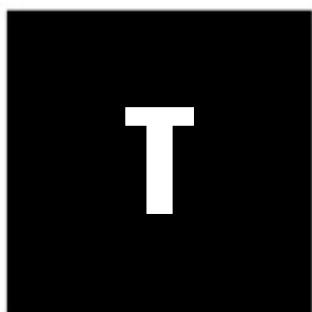
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UNREGULATED DRUGS
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STEROIDS? MEET THE
GUYS RISKING
THEIR HEALTH TO
FIND OUT.

by JAKE ROSSEN



HE MK-677 HAD arrived on Daniel's* doorstep in a plain brown box and was as dark as urine. Daniel stood in his bathroom, drawing the serum into an oral syringe, investigating its color and consistency. Once it checked out, he let the liquid fall onto his tongue. It bludgeoned his taste buds with an acrid, sinus-scorching flavor.

The next day, he went to the gym. **DANIEL IS A** 39-year-old surgeon. In college, he was an athlete—lean, muscled. But four years of med school left him 50 pounds heavier, and he had little time to sweat it off. Lifting brought him some solace, but the gains came slowly. Frustrated, Daniel sought an edge. Steroids were out of the question: “I could lose my license,” he says. But then, while

combing the Web for an alternative, he discovered MK-677, a chemical originally intended for Alzheimer's patients. In an ill-considered health gamble that would rightly horrify most medical professionals, he did a little “research” on anonymous online forums and started taking MK-677 along with another chemical. Five weeks into his trial run, he deadlifted 335 pounds three times; a month ago he could barely bring that weight off the ground. It didn't end there. He began strapping 55 pounds to his waist for dips (up from 25) and banging out three sets of 10. He tacked on 15 pounds to his overhead press, too.

“My wife was like, ‘Hey, your arms look bigger,’” he says.

Daniel is part of a community of hormonal hobbyists looking to get cut—and cut corners doing it. Risking their long-term health on a largely untested and powerful substance in order to obtain what they consider an ideal masculine physique, they're experimenting with selective androgen receptor modulators, or SARMs. Originally designed to strengthen cancer patients and to combat the withering of old age, these chemicals in low doses seem to enhance growth receptors without affecting testosterone levels. On bodybuilding forums and black-market sites, the drugs are being positioned as a cutting-edge alternative to steroids: no strict regi-

**NONE OF THE
COMPOUNDS
HAVE EVER
MADE IT OUT
OF CLINICAL
TRIALS OR
BEEN STUDIED
IN THE AMOUNTS
TAKEN BY MEN
LIKE DANIEL.**

men of injections; no man boobs, anger issues, or acne. Best of all, the muscle appears to stick around after the dosing stops.

But you won't find them on the shelves at GNC; SARMs are chemicals developed for critical medical interventions. None of the compounds have ever made it out of clinical trials or been studied in the amounts taken by men like Daniel. Their long-term effects are unknown. One study was aborted after test mice began bleeding from the rectum. But due to a loophole in federal law, SARMs can be purchased from secondhand pharmacological Web sites—that is, if buyers affirm that the drugs are being bought for “research purposes” for use on “laboratory animals.”

One evening while driving home from work, Daniel noticed his vision had gone green—as though food coloring had been dropped onto his pupils. His eyes were hazy, unable to focus under bright lights. Despite the obvious dangers to patients he operated on, Daniel didn't seem to worry. “It's one of the effects recorded in trials,” he reasons. “At least I know I'm getting the real deal.”

LIKE SO MANY PHARMACEUTICAL breakthroughs, SARMs were created accidentally. In 1997 doctors James Dalton and Duane Miller were searching for ways to block testosterone from aggravating receptors in the prostate. Along the way they inadvertently created compounds that activated certain muscle pathways while leaving others alone.

Known as the mother of all steroids, testosterone increases protein synthesis. Take it in excess and you'll fill out your shirt until you can't button the collar. Same with oral anabolics, which are liver toxic and frequently used with testosterone to build mass. But both are nonselective and carpet bomb the body, triggering receptors that prompt not only cellular growth but also hair loss, skin problems, and excess estrogen. When castrated mice were given an early SARM, however, muscle enlargement was far more significant than any other mild effect.

Dalton and Miller licensed their compound to pharmaceutical company GTx, Inc. and began developing the drugs as a treatment for muscle loss. GTx moved ahead with MK-2866, dubbing it Ostarine. Ligand Pharmaceuticals invested in another formulation, LGD-4033. Merck's MK-677, a SARM-like chemical, was designed to counteract growth deficiencies; GlaxoSmithKline's GW-501516 resulted in extreme endurance, with test rodents running 92 percent longer than average.

Dalton knew what would follow. Bodybuilders are always first in line for any drug with the potential to accelerate muscle growth, and it wasn't long before profit-hungry labs supplying U.S. dealers began copying formulas out of journals. Drugs unsanctioned by the FDA are illegal to sell

for human consumption, so most SARMS come in foul-tasting liquid form under the label of “research chemicals.” Several dozen Web sites peddle them. They accept all major credit cards; a few even traffic in bitcoin.

According to Rick Collins, an attorney specializing in steroid-related cases, both seller and buyer often know there’s no animal research. “The only one in the dark is the agency that’s supposed to be supervising the situation—the FDA,” he says. The Food and Drug Administration didn’t respond to requests for comment.

Most sites don’t list dosing instructions, so a thriving community of self-experimenters has emerged on online forums to swap tips and horror stories. One user who started taking SARMS at 17 claimed they wrecked his hormones. Others fretted about organ toxicity and liver damage.

Ed, a 223-pound data analyst and part-time bodybuilder, isn’t worried. “I’m absolutely a guinea pig,” he says.

For Ty, who has less than 10 percent body fat, testimonies on the forums “tend to convince me I won’t be killing myself,” he says. He guesses he’s used Ostarine nine times. Each multiweek cycle resulted in six pounds of mass and additional definition.

Ed added eight pounds during one cycle. Sure, anabolics could tack on roughly 10 to 15 in the same period, but the schedule can be exhausting: twice-weekly or daily injections, pills to avoid breast-tissue growth, and increased likelihood of a cardiovascular event. What’s more, with anabolics, “wet” gains—those that result in water retention—are often urinated away after cycles stop. SARM gains are said to be “dry,” with the muscle staying intact. But to Dalton, there are still too many unanswered questions.

“Quite honestly,” he says, “it scares me to death.”

AS THEIR NAME SUGGESTS, SARMS are quite selective about what receptors they stimulate. But that’s only proved to be true in therapeutic doses. Bodybuilders’ early hopes that large amounts of SARMS wouldn’t turn off natural testosterone production were unfounded, and many have had to add other drugs to kick-start low-functioning testicles. Some have also reported bleeding gums and muscle spasms.

Ed tried 50 milligrams of Ostarine because he “wanted to see what would happen.” It was no more effective than the 25 recommended by forum advisers, but his liver enzymes shot up. One study found that at high amounts, GW-501516 induced tumors in mice. Both it and S-4 are no longer being developed but are still in use among gym rats.

It can be difficult to tell when adverse effects are due to the drug itself or tainted batches. Black-market labs aren’t known for sterility. After scanning a second-hand Ostarine bottle, Dalton noticed a missing ingredient. “The compound wouldn’t build muscle,” he says. “It could be safe or dangerous. Nobody knows.”

The lack of research has led many users to become amateur biochemists. Ed routinely pores over endocrinology journals; guys like Ty, who’s taken Ostarine for up to 16 weeks in a cycle and also saw his vision yellow on S-4, get blood work done before and after dosing to make sure they haven’t loosened a cellular bolt. “If I feel it



“I’M ABSOLUTELY A GUINEA PIG,” SAYS ED, A 223-LB DATA ANALYST AND SARMS USER.

becomes too much, I’ll stop,” he says.

On one forum, a user suggested eating more fiber to offset “the squirts”; another theorized the polyps risk would be reduced with an anti-inflammatory pill.

Some amateur reports are sophisticated, admits Abraham Morgentaler, M.D., a hormonal-therapy specialist. “But these are medications

that change hormones, and they’ve never been studied adequately in humans. It’s hard to know the risks.”

For muscle chasers, risk is rarely an issue: Anabolic use surged in the 1970s, helping create the Gold’s Gym physiques. Testosterone was the base; anabolics were added to enhance effects. In the 1980s, lifters even began spiking and crashing their blood sugar with insulin to augment gains.

“Guys were going into comas and flirting with death,” says Randy Roach, author of the history *Muscle, Smoke & Mirrors*. “Insulin was hugely dangerous, but they didn’t care.” Then came the growth hormone, and the cartoonish proportions it created.

Today, lean is the new large. Companies line shelves with supplements that follow the trend. Some are spiked with anabolics to ensure results. The occasional scare emerges—one was pulled after causing liver failure—but most users aren’t put off. The problem is that lifters are often more informed than those scolding them, having discovered high-protein, low-carb diets and other hacks before they were recommended.

The pursuit of muscle often trumps common sense. “In 10 years, I don’t know what this stuff will do,” says Ty. “But so far, it hasn’t hurt me.”

MASCULINITY TAGGED WITH a UPS tracking number is becoming harder to come by. This past winter, Congress quietly enacted the Designer Anabolic Steroid Control Act. It gives the DEA authority to target sellers of designer drugs, the anabolics-in-disguise that have long flown under its radar. Web sites immediately offered significant markdowns.

But SARMS are getting a pass—for now. “The way the statute is written, we have to be able to demonstrate a substance is chemically and pharmaceutically similar to testosterone,” says DEA spokesman Joseph Moses. “That makes them incapable of being controlled under the term *anabolic steroid*.” Perversely, then, the ban may make SARMS even more popular.

Athletic regulators are taking action, however. Both the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) and the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency (USADA) have banned SARMS from sporting events. Meanwhile, Ostarine is still being developed in hope of getting FDA approval; newer SARMS are being nursed by GlaxoSmithKline. If any come to market, they will be classified as prescription drugs. For the underground, it’s better that SARMS remain in developmental limbo, where the selling of “research chemicals” can continue.

That legal fudge is opening up new possibilities. Ty has been injecting a new compound called ACE-083 into his calves and biceps. After three days, he claims, he measured three quarters of an inch of muscle growth.

“Fuck, if 1 milligram did this,” he asks, “what will 50 do?”

Good question. Maybe let the lab rats help answer it. ■

THE DAMAGE DONE

No one knows what the long-term effects of SARMS will be. So far, here’s what self-dosers have discovered.

TINTED VISION

Many experimenting with the SARM S-4 have experienced a greenish hue in their eyesight. This is the result of the molecule binding to the ocular receptor and leads to a semipermanent loss of night vision.

LOW TESTOSTERONE

High doses of SARMS seem to affect testosterone, and patients have had their hormone levels and immune system wrecked.

RAISED ENZYMES

Users have indicated greatly increased levels of both liver and kidney enzymes—often an early cancer indicator.

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A PROUD
NASHVILLIAN—
BY WAY OF
LONDON AND
L.A.—VICTORIA'S
SECRET MODEL
LILY ALDRIDGE
IS A BEWITCHING
BEAUTY WITH
A ROCK 'N'
ROLL HEART.

by SARAH
HORNE GROSE

WHEN YOU'VE BUILT a multimillion-dollar career out of wearing next to nothing, the question of just how much skin to reveal can come down to a few very strategic centimeters of fabric.

Full back? Yes. Microscopic bikini bottoms? Sure. Still, it's a game of inches, and something has to be left to the imagination.

For Lily Aldridge, 29, the "prettiest girl in the whole fucking world" (according to her husband, Kings of Leon frontman Caleb Followill), toeing that line between lust object and celebrity-power-brand-in-the-making is all part of the business plan.

Though she's been modeling since she was 14, Aldridge debuted as a Victoria's Secret model in 2009; she is now one of just eight Angels. She landed the cover of *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit's* 50th anniversary issue last year. Add her cred in high-fashion circles—shoots in *Vogue* and a campaign for Michael Kors—and Aldridge has won the Triple Crown of modeling.

As you might expect from any thoroughbred, she says her contracts are ironclad, stipulating precisely how much of her extraordinary physique she'll bare. "I'm very careful about it," she says. "I enjoy feeling sexy and beautiful; I just don't think everyone needs to see everything."

So what does it feel like to have millions of men wishing they could? "I don't think of myself as an object of lust. I can't even say that with a straight face," she says with a laugh. The attention, she admits, is flattering. "But I'm more flattered when someone thinks I'm funny."

In person, she's lean and long, given to slouching her shoulders in a boyish way and playing against onlookers' expectations. "People think it's all rock concerts and runway shows," she posits. OK, there are plenty of both. But there are also 3 A.M. call times for bikini shoots and a fitness regimen that would make an elite athlete groan. "I don't take this life for granted," she says. Aldridge and Followill also have a 2½-year-old daughter, Dixie Pearl. "That's why I like social media," she says. "People see that I'm married, they see I have a family, they see that I'm human."

Over lunch at Barbuto in Manhattan's West Village, she expertly orders wine for the table, plus steak and roast potatoes. (Her usual drink of choice: "A shot of Patrón and a Corona. That's my jam.") The gap in her teeth is arresting, just enough of an imperfection to make her seem real. "I don't walk around feeling like a supermodel. I mean, I high-five people."

Aldridge insists she was a "lanky, awkward" teenager, though she began modeling for Abercrombie & Fitch in the ninth grade. "I know it's an age-old story that no one believes," she says, laughing, "but no one asked me out in high school!" She didn't even attend the prom. "I was in Paris, working. But I would have rearranged my schedule," she adds with a bemused shrug.

Decidedly more comfortable in the spotlight these days, Aldridge has tapped into her inner show woman on the Victoria's Secret catwalk, an experience she calls "exhilarating" (the yearly runway extravaganza is seen by some 10 million people worldwide). And yes, that was her in the video for "Use Somebody." (You're welcome.) "I don't know how I ended up where I am," she says. "I was so painfully shy as a child, [but] I eventually learned that it's more exhausting to be shy than just to be open."

Aldridge grew up in L.A. with her mother, model Laura Lyons—Playmate of the Month, February 1976—and spent summers and a year of high



This page:
Necklace, Jennifer
Meyer (worn
throughout). Cuff,
Scosha (worn
throughout).

Previous spread:
Jeans, Calvin Klein.
Ring, Scosha (worn
throughout).



school in England with her father, the British artist Alan Aldridge, who designed album covers for the Who and the Rolling Stones. “The punk scene was so big in London then,” she recalls, “so I was able to go to all of these incredible concerts.” She chose public school over private because “I was a typical teenager, and the [private school] uniforms were like something out of *Harry Potter*. The skirts were down to your ankles. I was like, no....”

In 2007, Aldridge met her husband-to-be at Coachella, and they now split their time between Nashville and Tribeca. “I never thought in a million years a girl from L.A. would end up in Nashville, but I love it,” Aldridge says. When she’s not hanging at home, power-streaming *Homeland* or *Game of Thrones*, she’s “dancing at honky-tonks with 80-year-olds” or sup-

ping with pal Taylor Swift. “Taylor makes me dinner,” Aldridge says. “And she’s the sweetest, most humble girl I’ve ever met.”

No doubt the two discuss the costs of fame. On a recent swimsuit shoot in Hawaii, Aldridge and the photo crew hiked to a secluded beach, where she shed her clothes and began posing in a tiny black bikini. Two days later paparazzi pictures emerged—taken by a drone that had hovered over the ocean, unseen. “It terrified me,” she says. “It’s no way to live. I mean, if you see the paparazzi and they’re in your face, OK, but it really freaked me out. So now if I’m on a beach, I’m scanning the sky, and it kind of takes away the magic of the photo shoot. I *can’t* with the drones.”

Take a picture, sure. Just ask nicely first. ■



Sweater, H&M.
Bikini, Victoria's
Secret.

“**I** know it's
an age-old story
that no one
believes,
but no one
asked me
out in
high school!”



Jeans,
Calvin Klein.

HAIR, DENNIS GOTS FOR JED ROOT USING KÉRASTASE; MAKEUP, OZZY SALVATIERRA AT STREETERS;
MANICURE, TRACY CLEMENS AT OPUS BEAUTY USING DEBORAH LIPPMANN



ICK

IF ANYONE COULD SCARE the crap out of James Bond, it's Mads Mikkelsen, the Danish actor whose sculptural, otherworldly visage has made him one of Hollywood's favorite sociopaths. Playing Le Chiffre, the fearsome Albanian crime boss in *Casino Royale*, he shed tears of blood over a poker table and revealed a proficiency for bleak, ball-smashing torture methods. As the title character in *Hannibal* (NBC), the 49-year-old actor is even more powerfully creepy—a discriminating lifestyle connoisseur, superbly attired and coiled like a snake.

IN REAL LIFE, Mikkelsen says he's actually a low-key sort of guy. While he enjoys donning a tuxedo for red-carpet events, it's a rare exception. "We men try to be extremely casual, don't we?" he says with a laugh. "We never want to admit to having vanity of any sort." And whereas "Hannibal enjoys the finer things in life," he notes, "I am probably just a consumer of stuff, without putting that much thought into it. I eat, I work out, I do things. I am not calculating in the least." **PERHAPS NOT**, but Mikkelsen is an artist at heart. The former gymnast and dancer spent a decade performing onstage in productions like *La Cage aux Folles* and *Chicago*, honing a formidable physicality before turning his talents to acting. In Denmark, he rose to fame as a junkie in Nicolas Winding Refn's ultraviolent cult flick *Pusher*, and later turned in an unforgettable performance as One Eye, a mute warrior who disembowels men alive, in the director's brutal Viking epic *Valhalla Rising*. **BRYAN FULLER**, *Hannibal*'s executive producer, knew instantly when he'd found his cerebral, snappily dressed serial killer. "Mads is very unassuming, but he has a true rock-star presence," Fuller says. "There's something uniquely alien and attractive about him. People have said to me, 'Mads is so unusual on-screen.' I tell them, 'You haven't seen the half of it.'" **MIKKELSEN APPROACHES THE ROLE** not as a villain but as an ordinary man, albeit one with his own peculiar mind-set: "I simply look at him as a person who sees life differently." ■

OCK



MADS MIKKELSEN HAS MADE A CAREER
OUT OF PLAYING MADMEN AND
PSYCHO KILLERS. BUT HE'S NOT NEARLY
AS TIGHTLY WOUND AS HE SEEMS.

by SARAH HORNE GROSE



This page:
Trench and sweater,
Louis Vuitton.
Watch, Hublot.

Opposite page:
Jacket, Bally. Sweater,
Bottega Veneta.
Watch, Montblanc.

Previous spread:
Sweater, Salvatore
Ferragamo.
Watch, Omega.





This page:

Jacket and shirt,
Giorgio Armani.
Watch, Movado.

Opposite page:

Sweater, Prada.
Watch, Bell & Ross.



This page:

Sweater, Tommy
Hilfiger.
Watch, Breitling.

Opposite page:

Jacket, Gucci.
Sweater, Burberry Brit.
Watch, Victorinox.







Sport coat,
Canali Capsule
Collection by
Andrea Pompilio
at Bloomingdale's.
Sweater, Prada.
Watch, Ebel.

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YEARS
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ROARING
OFF DETROIT'S
ASSEMBLY
LINES, THE
CAR THAT
UNHOOKED A
MILLION
BRA CLASPS
IS ONCE
AGAIN GUNNING
IT. CAN
MOTOWN PULL
OFF THE
SAME TRICK?

by
LAWRENCE
ULRICH



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID HARRY STEWART



TRY AND THINK of the greatest car chase in a movie. The list of real contenders isn't a particularly long one. There's *The French Connection*, with Gene Hackman's Popeye Doyle barreling through Brooklyn in a 1971 Pontiac LeMans. Or Robert De Niro's criminally overlooked *Ronin*, with its set-piece chase scenes starring several tons of European metal. But there's only one chase that really matters: Steve McQueen, playing a cop named Frank Bullitt, driving a Dark Highland Green 1968 Mustang Fastback GT 390 at blistering speeds, with precious little concern for traffic regulations, bashing it over San Francisco's hills and screeching around corners in hot pursuit of a couple bad guys in a black Dodge Charger.

Hollywood can squeeze out *Fast & Furious* sequels until oil falls to \$20 a barrel, and 1968's *Bullitt* will remain the defining moment for cars in cinema. McQueen is still the spirit animal for Cool American Guys. And the Mustang is the most recognizable automotive silhouette that ever rolled off a Detroit assembly line. It's the original pony car, a totem of manhood, of mustaches and denim jeans. It's the metal embodiment of every teenager cruising every strip in every American town on every Saturday night. It was in a Mustang, back in the day, that every guy fumbled with his girlfriend's bra clasp for the first time. It's that kind of car. As much mythology as mode of transport.

Now the Mustang is marking its 50th anniversary, and the sixth-gen version has been reborn in a way that its hometown—Detroit, with its crumbling streets, abandoned homes, and beleaguered citizenry—has not. The new car isn't just a refresh of the old Mustang. It's a new platform, a new engine, a macho new look that tries just hard enough to impress. It's everything that is right about the car industry today.

Boomers and Jersey boys will recognize the basic shape. But where recent Mustangs have looked like shop-class doodles, the sixth-generation model shows real design chops. This fastback 'Stang is handsome and streamlined. Under that taut skin is a muscled, modernized performer, which comes in a 435-horsepower GT version, as well as a more modestly priced 3.7-liter V-6. Mustang tradition is further upended



with—finally—a genuine independent rear suspension, replacing the troglodyte solid axle. The GT version brings V-8 thunder, starting at \$32,925, though the option-rich specimen reaches \$44,980. That seems a lot for a Mustang GT. Yet tested against the Chevy Camaro and Dodge Challenger, including track laps on a Michigan road course, the Ford proves more nimble and obliging than its pony-car rivals. With its malt-smooth 5.0-liter V-8, the GT flies to 60 mph in 4.5 seconds.

The Mustang wasn't always this solid a ride. When Ford missed the mark, it missed by such a wide margin that the car has taken decades to recover. We don't like to dwell on the flabby '71 Mustang, with leaden performance and a lackluster 210-horsepower V-8. And forget the terrible Mustang II, a car hated by anyone who's ever felt any affection for cars. The II was Ford's response to new government efficiency standards and a changing demo (the baby boomers were turning to tiny new imports from Japan, like Honda, Toyota, and Datsun). Ford snipped the cojones off the Mustang and instead dropped a new skin onto the notoriously unsafe subcompact Pinto, which had a knack for exploding when hit from behind. Barely there UAW workers slapped it together using bargain-bin parts on a line that moved too fast. We can laugh now, but the pain is real.

It's been a long climb back for the car, but the Mustang ideal—that '68, seared on our brains—never really faded. The car remained a movie star, with leading roles in *Goldfinger*, *Diamonds Are Forever*, *Gone in 60 Seconds* (the 1974 version), *Bull Durham*, and Clint's *True Crime*. The impact of the original car was so powerful that nothing could dent it.

DETROIT, ON THE OTHER HAND, is a city that knew greatness and pissed it away. In postwar Motor City, life was simple. The rules, forged in steel, never changed. Work hard, pay your (union) dues, and you were set for life. A thriving metropolis of nearly 2 million blue-collar guys in pompadours toiled around the clock, backed by a sky's-the-limit '60s Motown soundtrack. American cars and their creators were just as upbeat. Unveiled at New York's World's Fair in 1964, the Mustang sparked a Beatles-size sensation, selling 22,000 on its





opening day, and nearly 560,000 in its first full year on the market.

Around the same time *Bullitt* hit theaters, Detroit began to run off the road. After the deadly riots of '67, the city went into a tailspin. The oil crisis made Japanese cars more attractive. A boom-and-bust automaking cycle continues to this day, with even the current post-recession upturn masking a distressing reality: After the industry's mass exodus to foreign outposts and nonunion Southern states, it will never create enough homegrown factory jobs to rescue Detroit on its own.

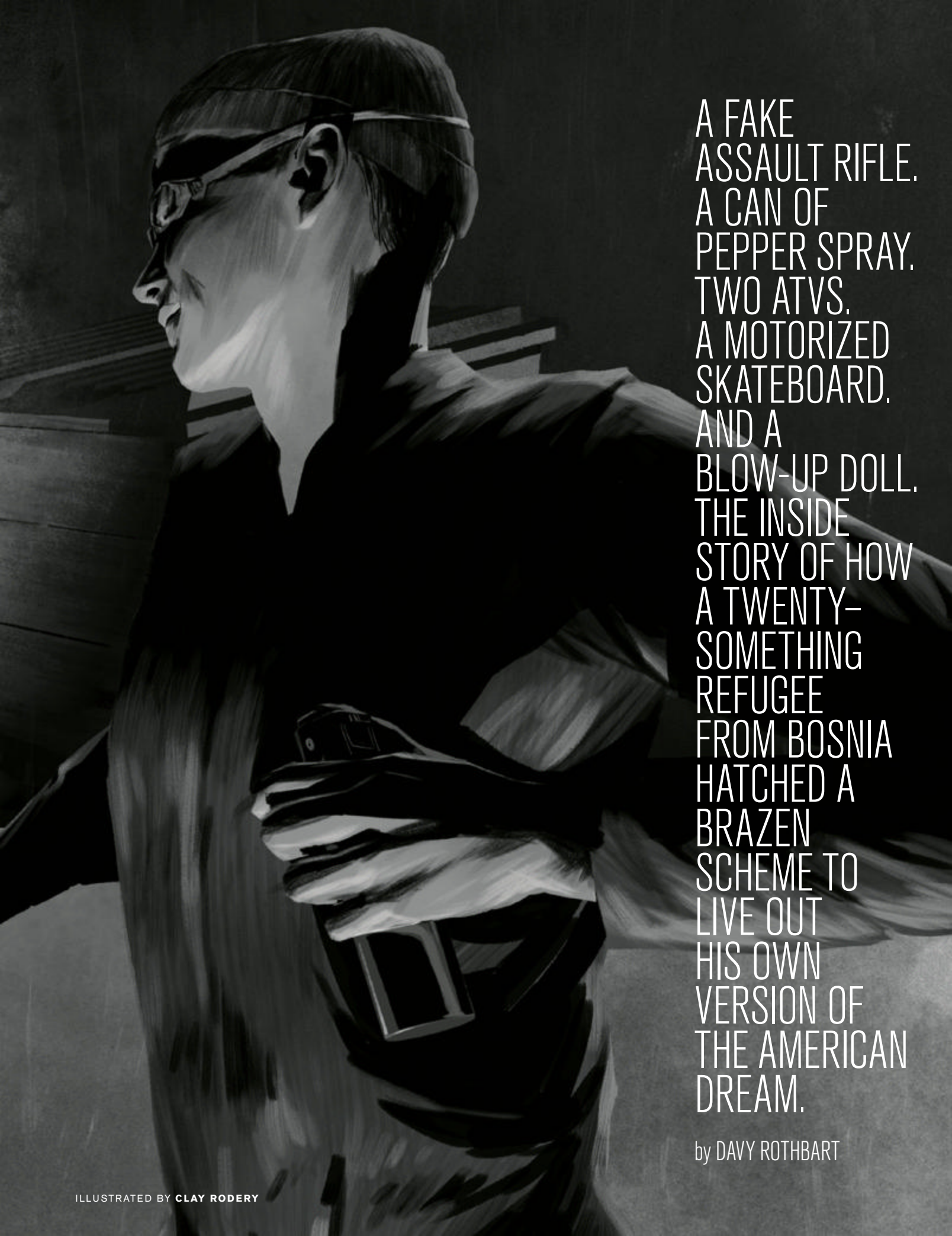
Detroit today is a soul-crushing wasteland. Nearly 80,000 houses, 30 percent of the city's total, are beyond repair. More than 114,000 parcels are empty. A city task force figures it would take approximately \$420 million just to tear down every crumbling home and business—this in a post-bankruptcy town that considered hocking the treasures of the Detroit Institute of Arts to cover \$18 billion in debts.

The media is fascinated with this ruin porn. As an ex-Detroiter and assembly line worker, I can never decide which angle feels the most hurtful and phony: the barely concealed *schadenfreude*, the Fox News-fueled insinuation that this Rust Belt city somehow deserves its fate, or the breathless search for a new coffeehouse or hydroponic artichoke farm to prove the city will become the next Brooklyn—hip, safe, and gentrified. Neither image is true, but having shrunk in population from 1.85 million in the '50s to less than 700,000 today, Detroit has finally begun razing woebe-gone houses in earnest, with a plan that looks ahead to green spaces and safe, livable neighborhoods.

When *Bullitt* was filmed in 1968, San Francisco didn't realize it was about to embark upon a 10-year nightmare of its own—street riots, the assassinations of Mayor George Moscone and pioneering city supervisor Harvey Milk—or a seemingly never-ending period of blight. Today, San Francisco is the tech epicenter and home to some of the most prized real estate in the world. Detroit has a tougher climb back. A new car won't do much to change that, except to remind us that the city's best days may still lie ahead, if miles down the road. ■

THE BIG PAYBACK





A FAKE
ASSAULT RIFLE.
A CAN OF
PEPPER SPRAY.
TWO ATVS.
A MOTORIZED
SKATEBOARD.
AND A
BLOW-UP DOLL.
THE INSIDE
STORY OF HOW
A TWENTY-
SOMETHING
REFUGEE
FROM BOSNIA
HATCHED A
BRAZEN
SCHEME TO
LIVE OUT
HIS OWN
VERSION OF
THE AMERICAN
DREAM.

by DAVY ROTHBART



EARLY ONE FRIDAY MORNING in July 2006, just before dawn, Adnan Alisic, 26, and his friend Fleka, 24, crouched in the back of a hot green van in a parking lot across from the Casino Arizona on the eastern edge of Phoenix and waited. Beside them, in duffel bags, lay the tools for the elaborate heist they'd planned: pepper spray, road flares, smoke bombs, a replica AK-47, a blow-up doll, gas cans, and maps of the area's maze of subterranean sewer tunnels. After months of meticulous planning, they were about to embark on one of the boldest and most inventive heists of all time. But as the minutes crawled past, they began to fear they'd missed their target, an armored truck carrying as much as \$10 million in cash. Maybe it had already come and gone? Then Fleka spotted it. Adnan leaped into the driver's seat, donned ski goggles and a knit cap, and cranked the van into gear, following the truck. He lifted the fake AK onto his lap and hissed to Fleka, "Come on, let's do this."

ADNAN ARRIVED IN PHOENIX 10 years before the heist, at age 17, with his parents and sister, one family among a flood of Bosnian refugees escaping Europe's worst genocide since World War II. Though at first he spoke no English, Adnan was friendly and sharp-witted and soon found work as a room-service attendant at the DoubleTree Hotel in Scottsdale, where his mother, a schoolteacher in her native country, worked as a maid. After a few years, when he'd saved enough to buy his own wheels, a guy he worked with encouraged him to check out a used-car auction.

Adnan was a born hustler who'd honed his entrepreneurial skills as a child during the war. At the used-car auction in Phoenix, he recognized an opportunity—he could snap up cheap vehicles, clean and repair them, and resell them on Craigslist for a hefty profit. It took him six months to flip his first car, but by age 21 he'd opened his own dealership—Alisic Motors—and was buying and selling a dozen cars a week. He soon opened a body shop and then a restaurant called Café Empire, which quickly became a social hub for the area's sizable Bosnian population.

If the American Dream had a spokesmodel, Adnan could've fit the bill—handsome and full of energy, he flashed around town in a gleaming black Mercedes SL600, hit nightclubs with friends to catch Bosnian singers, and landed a beautiful girlfriend, Lejla Selimovic, from Sarajevo, whose family had escaped similar horrors. Adnan had washed up on American soil traumatized and undernourished, battered by war, owning nothing but the clothes on his back, and in just a few short years, he'd willed his way into a life of enviable comfort.

Too much comfort, perhaps. As his businesses flourished and Adnan grew his staff, he suddenly found himself with plenty of free time. His friend Nermin, who was dating Lejla's twin sister, Sejla, told him about the fun he'd had playing blackjack during a weekend trip to Vegas, and one night Adnan drove alone to the Casino Arizona in Scottsdale, a sprawling complex just beyond Phoenix's eastern border. It was the first time Adnan had ever been inside a casino. He played small-stakes blackjack for a few hours, losing \$300.

It was his next visit a couple weeks later that got him hooked. "Call it beginner's luck," he says. "You know those nights when you just can't lose?" Adnan crushed it at the blackjack tables and walked away with nearly three grand. "You feel invincible," he says. "Luck smiles on you, and you think it's because you somehow deserved it."

Adnan began to play blackjack at Casino Arizona every night, sometimes alone, sometimes with Nermin, and sometimes with his friend Ismar Kabaklic, known as Fleka, a loyal but hotheaded Bosnian he'd hired as a salesman at his dealership. Inside, time seemed to stand still, as a symphony of slot machines dully jingled, waitresses doled out free drinks, and dealers spun cards. When at last they headed out to the parking lot, it was always a surprise to see the sun coming up.

Some nights Adnan won big, especially at first, but over time the losses came more frequently and spiraled ever higher. Why would Adnan keep coming back, flushing away his hard-earned cash? He attributed his blackjack addiction to a toxic brew of poisoned genes from his alcoholic father, survivor's guilt from the Bosnian War, and, most of all, a ferocious competitive streak. "I just hated to lose," he says now. Each trip to the tables presented a fresh opportunity to come roaring back, and on the nights he won big, the adrenaline surge was beyond euphoric.

Over the next several years, Adnan drained cash from office accounts to spend at Casino Arizona, and without money to pay his employees, they slowly melted away, leaving only Fleka; his sister, Adnana; and a few others scrambling to keep his businesses afloat. Sometimes Adnan managed to keep himself away from the casino for months, but his addiction always outstripped his resolve, and he'd wind up back at the Arizona, walking out to his car at dawn, full of heartache and fury, pockets empty.

Soon he was borrowing money and blowing it the same night, racking up debts he couldn't repay. Adnan had started at the bottom, made it to the top, and fallen back into a deeper hole than when he'd stepped, penniless, off a U.N. plane. He'd even pulled Fleka and other Bosnian blackjack fans into the abyss. Adnan lost nearly \$800,000 at Casino Arizona; add Fleka and their other pals, and the total was over a million.

One evening, Adnan scraped together a few hundred bucks and made the familiar drive to

"If they won't let me win my money back, I'll find another way," Adnan resolved.

Scottsdale to gamble. But this time, he was on a tear. "Simply couldn't lose," he says. "If I had a bad hand, the dealer went bust. If I needed an ace, I pulled an ace." He was up almost 60 grand—on his way, perhaps, to getting back on his feet.

Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by security guards who asked for his ID, though he'd been such a frequent visitor he knew many of the blackjack dealers on a first-name basis. On principle, he refused, and the guards hustled him toward the doors. Adnan was furious. The casino had had no qualms about squeezing him dry night after night, but the one time luck was on his side, they'd quashed his monster rally. He shouted at casino workers and even shoved a guard, and as they escorted him out of the building, they told him he was banned. *That's fine*, Adnan resolved, sitting in his car, boiling with rage. *If they won't let me win my money back, I'll find another way.*

ADNAN'S WINNINGS OFFERED a brief respite, as he covered bills and paid down debts. But it wasn't long before he was back at the tables. Eighty-sixed from Casino Arizona, he started visiting neighboring casinos, arriving full of hope, and leaving, most nights, broke and desperate.

Late one night, while heading home on the 101 freeway, Adnan pulled over to take a leak. Afterward, he peered over the guardrail, looking down an embankment to the desert floor 30 feet below, and in the dim starlight glimpsed a dark, hollow shape that appeared to be the mouth of a tunnel. The entrance was as round and wide as a car, and he was able to walk in without even ducking his head. It twisted under the road, then doglegged to the right, disappearing into darkness toward the Casino Arizona. That's when a crazy idea seized him.

The next morning at Alisic Motors, Adnan grinned at Fleka. "I know how we're going to get our money back," he announced.

Later that night, they dressed in dark clothes, burned over to Scottsdale, and parked at a shopping center near the tunnel entrance. Waiting for a lull in traffic, they scrambled across the freeway and down the embankment, into the opening.

The stench was overpowering. Their flashlights shone across a trickle of trash and raw sewage. Graffiti covered the walls. Rats scampered past empty beer bottles. Some pathways forked off in mysterious directions; others curved back and forth and came to a dead end. Where the main tunnels ended, Adnan noticed giant green plastic pipes, several feet in diameter. Banging his Maglite against them produced an indeterminate hollow sound. "I want to see what's inside," he told Fleka.

Using power saws from the auto-body shop, they cut their way through eight inches of plastic tubing before striking metal. Adnan drove back to the shop to retrieve a welding mask and acetylene torches, and returned to shear open the green pipe, revealing a ventilation shaft just wide enough for a man to crawl into. Adnan and Fleka ducked their heads inside and aimed their flashlights into the looming shadows.

A few nights later, they returned with a skateboard rigged with a gas-powered motor from Adnan's auto shop. Adnan squeezed himself inside the green pipe, lay back on the board like a huge racer, fired up the motor, and rumbled down the narrow pipe, shooting past the first manhole, hundreds of yards farther along to a second vertical chute. That's when the motor sputtered out. Adnan realized he'd made a terrible mistake.



Above: Adnan Alisic, a war-hardened Bosnian refugee, successful Phoenix businessman, and blackjack addict.

Right: The Casino Arizona, which he targeted for an insane armored-truck heist.



The exhaust had nowhere to go, and he began to cough and choke as the fumes filled his lungs. Desperately, he turned back the way he'd come, paddling deeper into the thick cloud of smoke. Beneath Dobson Road and Indian Bend, he sank to the ground, unable to breathe.

No, he thought. *I can't let the casino win.*

He picked himself up and dived down the next stretch of pipe. His lungs burned. His vision swam with purple stars. Several times, he nearly passed out before shaking himself awake again and willing himself onward. Finally, in his hypoxic haze, he heard Fleka's voice crying his name, and then he was loose, back in the main tunnel, flopping like a fish, gasping for breath. "What happened?" Fleka shouted. "You could've died down here! Now have you had enough?"

Adnan heaved a series of ragged breaths and crumpled on the tunnel floor. After several minutes, he collected himself and slowly lifted his head. "Never enough," he croaked. "Let's come back tomorrow night."

ADNAN GREW UP IN THE CITY of Banja Luka in northern Bosnia and Herzegovina, the country's second-largest city, after Sarajevo. Though his father sometimes got drunk and roughed up his mom and sister, his childhood was mostly a happy one. He played soccer, swam in the river, and explored back alleys. Then, when he was 12, everything changed. Serbian nationalist leader Slobodan Milosevic seized power and began using the Yugoslav Army, along with Bosnian Serb militias, to target Bosnian Muslims and Croatian Catholics through an infamous ethnic cleansing campaign. Soon the country was engulfed in a brutal sectarian war.

Banja Luka was the Serbs' stronghold, often described as the world's largest prison; Serb soldiers and police ruled the streets, and Muslims like Adnan and his family were forced to hide in their homes or risk arrest, imprisonment, and death. Vans and SUVs stuffed with soldiers prowled the city, dragging away dissenters, who were rarely seen again. For months Adnan bought and sold eggs and candles at a bustling black market in town, stopping on his way home to buy food for his family. Cigarettes, he soon realized, turned a far higher profit. He'd buy a carton in the morning at the rations depot and sell them off pack by pack, earning just enough to put another day's food on the table.

Across the countryside, Serb fighters were executing a ruthless campaign of ethnic cleansing, burning villages, raping women and girls, and slaughtering Muslims and Croats by the dozens—even the hundreds. As the conflict escalated, Adnan, a street urchin creeping between towns, hopping boxcars at night, saw some of the war's worst atrocities.

One night, he recalls, he slipped into a darkened train car and found

it crammed with the murdered corpses of men, women, and children, en route to a mass grave. Another time, a train he was on stopped on the way back to Banja Luka, and as he hid in the bushes, Serb commandos poured off the train into a nearby village. Adnan watched them round up villagers and execute them. On occasion, he was shot at by police and soldiers, and he was twice grazed by bullets. Once he was captured by police, who savagely tortured him for four days before he escaped.

A decade later, after he lost his fortune at the blackjack tables, the Casino Arizona became conflated in his mind with the Serb war machine—both were faceless enemies who'd coldly ruined his life. The agonizing powerlessness and rage he'd felt toward the Serb regime, which had occupied his city and turned the Bosnian countryside into bloody killing fields, he now channeled toward the casino. A successful heist would not only provide the cash needed to erase his debts but also allow him to deliver the kind of revenge he'd desperately longed for since war had first torn apart his native land. "I was going to find a way to strike back," Adnan says, "no matter what it took."

SUMMER BROUGHT UNRELENTING heat and misery. Adnan was beyond broke, his businesses in shambles, his debts climbing dangerously. He worked around the clock, racing to prepare for the heist. Inside his auto dealership's vacated office, he spread out hand-drawn maps, along with aerial views he'd printed off the Internet. Initially, he had wanted to hit the casino's vault and then escape through sewer tunnels, but he'd since cooked up a new scheme that was in some ways even crazier.

Without fail, an armored truck delivered millions in cash each morning, parking in an alley behind the casino. Adnan knew that each truck carried two armed guards. A third guard followed in a backup vehicle.

Adnan was adamant that he and Fleka and their crew pull off the heist without using actual weapons. He'd spent many late nights googling

Adnan had managed to grab \$749,000—almost exactly what he had lost playing blackjack.

"armored-truck robberies," and his research showed that guns usually led to disaster. The last thing he wanted was a firefight, which risked a guard or bystander getting shot, not to mention himself.

The plan was devilishly creative. As Adnan envisioned it, he and Fleka would pull up behind the truck as the guards unloaded the cash, blast them with pepper spray, and grab the cash. To discourage the guards from reaching for their handguns, Fleka would brandish the fake AK-47.

Once they had the money in their van, Adnan and Fleka would drive a few hundred yards to the corner of Dobson Road and Indian Bend, stopping above a manhole (which they'd have fitted with a fake cover for easy entry) that led

to the tunnels below. As police swarmed the scene, they'd set off smoke bombs, strap a blow-up doll wearing a ski mask into the van's front seat, and place the fake AK in the doll's lap. Then, with the smoke billowing, they'd squeeze through an open hatch they'd carved in the floor of the van and shimmy down rope ladders into the manhole, with the bags of money. Before replacing the cover, they'd pull a string to shift the van into gear, letting it roll into a guardrail at the end of the block.

Law enforcement would surround the van, caught in a tense standoff with a blow-up doll, at which point a fuse would ignite two gas cans, en-



gulfing the van—and any remaining evidence—in flames. Meanwhile, Adnan and Fleka would zoom a couple of miles through the sewer tunnels on ATVs, then enter the green underground ventilation pipes, crawling 20 yards to another vertical shaft. From there, they'd haul themselves up a second rope ladder, through another manhole cover, and up a secret hatch in the floor of a second van, piloted by two confederates. The drivers would rocket them to a second set of getaway cars before meeting at a hotel room several miles north to split the cash. Adnan had bought two plane tickets to Bosnia, one for himself, one for Lejla, who was unaware of the heist. It would be his first time home since they'd fled the war.

Adnan knew how completely insane the plan sounded, but he'd been preparing for months. The vehicles had all been smuggled off auction lots and couldn't be traced. Every piece of gear—the pepper spray, the ski masks, the fake gun—had been bought with cash in various distant suburbs. He knew that a million dollars in twenties and hundreds could fit into a duffel bag, and that police dogs at airports were trained to sniff out bundles of U.S. dollars—but not euros. So he planned to stash some of the money and trade the rest for 500-euro notes, which he'd arranged to have waiting at a local currency exchange. By the time investigators discovered his identity, Adnan reasoned, he'd be long gone.

A few weeks beforehand, a pair of Bosnian brothers named Dinko and Ivica whose help Adnan had enlisted dropped out; the plan was just too risky. Adnan brought in an old Bosnian hustler called Gypsy to drive the getaway van, along with Gypsy's son Danijel. Meanwhile, Fleka was refusing to pull the heist without a gun. "The guards have guns!" Fleka said. "This is suicide."

"No weapons," Adnan said. "I don't want blood on my hands."

THE SUN ROSE on the morning of July 21 while Adnan and Fleka crouched in the back of the van in the parking lot of the Casino Arizona. They'd added plain lettering that said ARIZONA PAINTING CO. on the front of the van to avoid arousing suspicion.

Adnan hadn't slept or eaten in days. "Want to skip out and go for a burger?" he joked to Fleka. But they were in too deep to turn back now.

The armored truck pulled into the lot and rolled down the side alley, headed for its usual drop point. Adnan followed in the van. They passed an armed guard, loping in the same direction. This was Robert Brown, who'd worked for Bantek West, the armored-truck company, for 16 months. Holstered at his side was a shiny service revolver.

Fleka saw the weapon and began screeching at Adnan. "Did you see the gun? He's gonna kill us, man! I'm telling you, he's gonna kill us!"

"He's not going to kill us," Adnan fired back. "Just follow the plan."

When they reached the truck, one guard stood beside it, loading bags of money onto a rolling cart, while another sat behind the wheel. Adnan donned a knit hat and a pair of ski goggles. Stepping from the van, he readied a canister of pepper spray.

Brown later described what he saw in a statement to the FBI: A green work van parked behind the armored truck. He saw a man in work clothes approach the guard outside the truck, Joshua Ouellette. Then a yellow cloud appeared, and Ouellette fell to the pavement, writhing in agony. Brown dived behind a ventilator, realizing they were under attack.

Adnan circled the truck to the driver's side and shot his pepper



Clockwise from top left:

The blow-up doll used in the heist, the getaway van, one of the underground tunnels, the fake AK-47, and bags of money seized by the FBI.

spray into the air vents below the driver's window. Chris Williams, the guard behind the wheel, collapsed in a spasm of hacking coughs. His own eyes tearing up and burning, Adnan raced to the open doors of the armored truck, grabbed two plastic bags packed with large bills, and tossed them on the cart. He then pushed it along-

side his van and yanked open the doors in back, shouting for Fleka to help him dump the money inside.

Fleka leaped from the van, ski mask over his face, letting loose a battle cry and wildly swinging the fake AK. The sight was so comical that Adnan couldn't help laughing. "Come on!" he shouted. "The action's over. Help me get the money in the van!"

Adnan had lost sight of Ouellette, who was coughing in the grass, trying to clear his lungs. Williams, the driver, fired up the armored truck and sped around the corner, the heavy, open doors banging loose. Meanwhile, behind the ventilator, Brown had decided not to intervene. Apparently, the guards prized their lives more than the casino's money. The truck had left on its run with \$5.5 million on board, dropped half of that at another casino, and still had more than \$2 million when it reached the Casino Arizona. Adnan had managed to grab around \$749,000—almost exactly the amount he'd lost playing blackjack.

With the bags of cash piled into their van, Adnan and Fleka took off. Adnan drove one short block to the intersection at Dobson Road and Indian Bend and pulled into position above the replica manhole cover they'd welded in his shop. Fleka lit a few smoke bombs and tossed them out his window, creating a thick wall of smoke on all sides. "Lift the cover!"

Adnan shouted to Fleka, as he buckled the blow-up doll into the front seat, pulled a ski mask over its head, and armed it with the fake machine gun. Adnan knew from practice runs that once they were down in the drainage system, the manhole cover replaced above their heads, it would take just six minutes for them to speed through the tunnels and pipes to the distant street where Gypsy and his son waited in the getaway van.

But there was one problem.

"It's stuck!" Fleka yelled. "I can't get the cover off!"

Adnan hurdled into the back of the van, and together he and Fleka pulled at the cover with all their might, but it wouldn't budge. When Adnan looked closer, he realized what had happened—the fake cover, a few centimeters too wide, had been mashed into the hole, perhaps by a passing car. No amount of lift was going to uncork it. "Fuck!" Adnan screamed.

Frantically, Adnan tried once more to pry it loose, using the barrel of the phony AK. But the tip broke off. Then it was on to plan B—escape by any means possible.

Adnan shoved the blow-up doll out of the driver's seat, jumped behind the wheel, and stomped on the gas. Fleka whooped from the back of the van, stuffing plastic-wrapped bundles of money into black duffel bags. "We got the cash!" he sang, soaring from adrenaline.

Adnan gunned the van through the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community, a patchwork of dirt roads and dilapidated homes, several police cars in pursuit. Traffic clogged the 101, and the cops hung on his tail. Adnan bolted off the expressway into South Scottsdale's quiet residential neighborhoods. He cut left, right, left again, and realized he'd somehow shaken the cops. "We're free!" Fleka cried.

Adnan sped onto Miller Road, heading north toward the getaway cars, when suddenly the van's engine sputtered, choked, and quit completely. The vehicle jerked to a stop. Sirens wailed a few blocks away. "Run!" Adnan screamed at Fleka. "No matter what, don't get caught!"

Adnan darted up the driveway of a low, single-story office complex, leaped onto a concrete wall, and hoisted himself onto the roof. Then he crawled to the edge to look for Fleka. What he saw sucked the wind out of him—his friend was facedown in the grass. Two cops held him down and handcuffed him, while another rummaged through Fleka's duffel bag, stuffed with \$200,000 cash.

Adnan sprinted across the roof, dropped to the ground, vaulted a wall, and found himself facing a large, crowded swimming pool. Gray-haired men and women milled about in the water, while others, in robes and pajamas, played backgammon at poolside tables.

He'd landed on the grounds of the Springs of Scottsdale Retirement Community. In the midst of his crazed escape, this scene of lazy tranquility seemed particularly surreal. Dozens of police vehicles—Phoenix PD, state troopers, sheriff's department, FBI, and a SWAT team—had converged next door. In total, there were nearly a hundred investigators swarming the scene.

Adnan plucked a white long-sleeved shirt from the back of a sofa in the lobby, pulled it over his sweat-soaked T-shirt, and edged outside onto the senior center's lawn, creeping along a thick line of hedges. Behind the cops, locals jostled with newly arriving reporters and TV crews.

Adnan stepped around the hedges and coolly crossed the street, craning his neck back at the senior center. Throughout his childhood in Banja Luka, as he passed daily through police checkpoints, he'd mastered the art of appearing beyond suspicion. Now, with the cops' attention diverted, he made the longest walk of his life, until at last he'd crossed the street and melted through the line of law enforcement authorities.

From the lobby of a hospital a half mile down the road, Adnan called Gypsy. "I'm free," he said. "Can you give me a lift?" For the next 45 minutes, as he waited for his ride to arrive, a dazed Adnan sat with patients and security guards, watching TV coverage of the hunt for the remaining suspect who was still at large—him. After months of meticulous planning, his dream heist had spectacularly gone bust.

ADNAN'S TRIAL BEGAN 16 months later in the U.S. District Court of Arizona. After the caper, Gypsy had dropped Adnan at home. His plan was to pick up Lejla and head straight for the airport. But as soon as he got in his sky-blue Jaguar and zoomed out of his apartment complex, police cars boxed him in from every direction. Adnan stepped out with his hands up. "Be careful of the car," he said, as officers rushed him.

Fleka had spilled everything the moment they'd nabbed him, leading the cops right to Adnan's door.

Before his trial, Adnan made one more desperate gamble. Prosecutors offered a plea deal of 10 years, but Adnan was troubled by the most serious charge against him: the use of a firearm while committing a felony. All along, he'd insisted that their gun be fake. But when the FBI pulled apart the heist van, they discovered a 9-mm pistol wrapped in a sheet—a gun both Adnan and Fleka would claim the other had brought without their knowledge. Not wanting to plead guilty to something he didn't feel responsible for, Adnan demanded a trial. After six days, the jury found him guilty on all counts. As Adnan's mom and sister looked on, along with Lejla, Nermin, Sejla, and an array of friends Adnan had helped and supported over the years, the judge handed down his sentence: 17½ years.

LOMPOC FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL institution is a sprawling, low-security prison set among verdant meadows in a valley north of Santa Barbara, California. Adnan, now 35, sits in a visiting room. With heart-breaking candor and cinematic detail, he chronicles his strange journey from the bloody streets of war-torn Banja Luka to the blackjack tables of the Casino Arizona. Midway through his sentence, he's remarkably full of hope, and is already plotting his inevitable comeback.

"Coming to prison saved my life," Adnan says earnestly. "Let's be honest: I was as compulsive a gambler as you'll ever meet. Seven hundred grand? It would've been gone in six months." It was only a matter of time, he says, before he racked up the kind of debts that would've put his life at risk. After the trial, Lejla moved to Atlanta and started a family with another man. Adnan's mom still cleans 15 guest rooms a day at the Scottsdale DoubleTree. Adnana, his sister, waits tables in the hotel restaurant. They pay into Adnan's commissary account so he can buy books and stamps and make phone calls. Adnan still has eight years to serve, but his mom has already prepared a bedroom for when he returns.

As for his heist partners, Gypsy did two years, while his son, Danijel, received only probation. Fleka was sentenced to 6½ years, and upon his release was deported. He now lives in Austria and has recently married. Strangely, the two old friends remain close. "Fleka is still Fleka," Adnan says with a laugh. "Usually when we talk on the phone, he's complaining. And

I'm the one in prison!"

There's a chance Adnan will be deported when he gets out, cutting the final cord to his American Dream. But he wants to stay and is visibly excited about starting another successful business. He avidly reads *Fortune* and *The Wall Street Journal*, following market trends, looking for his next hustle—an honest living this time. Maybe he'll get into biodiesel or new farm-irrigation technologies. If he could build a thriving cigarette racket in a war zone as a kid, he reasons, he can succeed at just about anything he puts his mind to. He just wants one more shot at success. "The heist may have failed," Adnan says. "But today I am happy. Today I'm at peace." ■

Adnan
buckled the
doll into
the front seat
and armed
it with the
machine gun.

PROMOTION

THE BOSS STUDIO AT THE MAXIM PARTY

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LUDACRIS



SLACK ATTACK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARLO RICCI

WITH HIS ADDICTIVE COMMUNICATION APP, SLACK, STEWART BUTTERFIELD BUILT A BILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS IN TWO SHORT YEARS. MORE IMPRESSIVE, HE MANAGED TO MAKE WORK FEEL LIKE FUN.

IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF PERSON who bitches incessantly about your corporate job, Stewart Butterfield has no sympathy for you. But he does have a remedy. His San Francisco-based start-up, Slack, has built a billion-dollar brand by alleviating the pain of workplace culture. A software application that allows teams to collaborate through group messaging, file sharing, and person-to-person chat, Slack replaces the most soul-deadening rituals of the information economy: the reply-all e-mail thread, the daily status meeting, and the conference call. (It also supports custom emojis.) Butterfield, 41, knows from soul-deadening. He sold his last company, the photo-sharing service Flickr, to Yahoo, working there for three brutal years while the Web behemoth bled the life from his creation—and then quitting with a now legendary e-mail. It's no accident that using Slack can feel more like play than work: Like Flickr, it grew out of a doomed video-game launch. Fortunately, as every gamer knows, you can always respawn and try again. Here's how he pulled it off. —*Jeff Bercovici*

FOR THE FIRST five years of my life, I grew up in a log cabin in coastal British Columbia in a very small town, like 300 people, mostly hippies. No running water, no electricity. When I was 12, I changed my name from Dharma to Stewart. At that age, you just want to be normal.

FLICKR AND SLACK both started out as games, but they were more about trying to build a certain kind of context for social interaction. There are a lot of people in Silicon Valley who say that your execution matters a lot more than your idea. The fact that both the initial game ideas failed but something else worked is nice evidence for that position.

THERE'S A LOT that's wrong with the way we work—bad habits that develop around control of information, people hoarding information as a means of preserving their own power. When you're using Slack, everyone can see what's going on because the default mode is public.

FROM THE OUTSIDE, Yahoo was extremely successful. It was making money; it was still bigger than Google. But when I got there, I learned what a disaster of a company looks like from the inside. There were a lot of vice presidents, and it was basically a turf battle between them. Most of the energy went into politicking and infighting. As we scale Slack now, I'm very conscious of avoiding those things.

I'M NOT LIVING like Jesus Christ, but once you get to the point where it doesn't matter financially what you order when you go out to dinner, I don't think getting richer makes a huge difference in your level of happiness.

I WENT TO GRAD SCHOOL to become a philosophy professor. A friend of mine finished his Ph.D. in philosophy and ended up getting a terrible job in Kentucky, not where he wanted to live. That was my future. This was 1998, the early days of the dot-com stuff. I had a lot of friends who knew how to make Web pages. They were moving to San Francisco, making twice as much money and having lots of fun. So I dropped out.

I TEND TO BE a lot more honest and transparent with employees than most bosses are. But I've had people tell me, even those who love working with me, that I'm terrifying, which is hard for me to imagine.

WE LAUNCHED SLACK at exactly the right moment. If we had started this product three years ago, it would not have taken off like this. I can't tell you exactly why that's true. In 10 years I'll be able to. These things are not obvious at the moment, but they're obvious in retrospect.

YOU SEE PEOPLE in all walks of life who are great, and then you see people who don't care and are inconsiderate. To all the people who happily do a good job, I am grateful, and to all the people who do a terrible job of simple things, I hate you. If you don't care about what you're doing, find something else to do.

This page:

Suit, shirt, tie, and shoes, Dsquared².
Socks, Topman.

Opposite page:

(front) Jacket, shirt, and tie, Dior Homme.
Tie bar, The Tie Bar.
(back) Jacket, shirt, and tie, Dior Homme.
Tie bar, The Tie Bar.



SEEING

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PABLO ARROYO STYLED BY WAYNE GROSS

DOUBLE



FOR AN AMBITIOUS
CROP OF MILLENNIAL
EXECUTIVES, THE
NEW DOUBLE-BREASTED
POWER SUIT IS
THE EPITOME OF
CORPORATE SWAGGER
AND SEX APPEAL.

This page:

Suit, Marc Jacobs.
Shirt, Dsquared².
Tie and shoes, Prada.
Socks, Topman.

Opposite page:

(left) Suit and shirt,
Calvin Klein Collection.
Tie, Calvin Klein White
Label. Briefcase, Prada.
(right) Suit and shirt,
Calvin Klein Collection.
Tie, Calvin Klein
White Label. Briefcase,
Michael Kors.

This page:

Suit and shirt, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Dsquared².

Opposite page:

(front) Suit, shirt, and tie, Prada.

(back) Suit, shirt, tie, and shoes, Prada.



GROOMING: LAURA STUCCHI AT CLOSE UP MILANO; CASTING DIRECTOR: ISADORA SANAUDI;
MODELS: RUTGER SCHOONE AT L'UOMO ELITE, FELIX GESNOUIN AT WHY NOT, PAWEŁ BINZAK AT INDEPENDENT MGMT

FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 96.

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KISS



ES

BANG



THE AK-47
IS THE MOST
POPULAR
AUTOMATIC
WEAPON IN
THE WORLD.
CAN IT BE
REBRANDED
AS AN
INSTRUMENT
OF PEACE?
RUSSIA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
MARKETING
ACE IS
GIVING IT
HER BEST
SHOT.

by ALEC LUHN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VLADIMIR VASILCHIKOV

BANG

IN ITS SOVIET-ERA HEYDAY, THE IZHMASH FACTORY IN THE CITY OF IZHEVSK, IN THE WESTERN URAL MOUNTAINS, USED TO CRANK OUT NEARLY 100 KALASHNIKOV AUTOMATIC RIFLES AN HOUR.

But by 2011, the storied gunmaker was approximately \$30 million in the red, and the following year, in an embarrassing episode that seemed to sum up the company's ills, 79 Kalashnikovs meant for demolition accidentally wound up in the hands of a villager buying old crates for firewood. Meanwhile, 20 Izhmash-owned companies went bankrupt.

Then things really got bad: That same year, the Russian defense ministry announced it already had enough Kalashnikovs and would await the development of a better weapon before placing additional orders.

That's when Vladimir Putin's deputy prime minister, Dmitry Rogozin, stepped in. He spearheaded the reformation of Izhmash under a new name, the Kalashnikov Concern, and oversaw the sale of a 49 percent stake to two businessmen who promised to turn the company around. Engineers got to work developing a new Kalashnikov, and the stodgy weapons producer sought a seasoned public relations professional to give the company a bit of marketing polish.

They found their champion in Tina Kandelaki, a famous socialite and former television host who had appeared on the covers of the Russian versions of *Playboy*, *InStyle*, and *Maxim*.

Kandelaki argues that the seemingly odd combination—one of Russia's most glamorous women marketing the famously rugged automatic rifle—is totally natural, pointing out that she tried her hand at shooting the moment she got the commission.

"I have a heavy hand," she says with a grin, sitting beneath a huge glass chandelier in her gleaming white office in central Moscow. At the moment, that hand is adorned with a gold-and-diamond Parmigiani Fleurier watch and a giant amethyst ring that matches the purple spots on her pale yellow leopard-print blouse. "I don't have such a manicure that I can't pull the trigger," she adds.

With the help of Kandelaki and her team, the newly renamed enterprise hatched a plan to diversify—creating separate lines for the company's military arms, hunting rifles, and biathlon guns. In 2014, it launched a rebranding effort built around a catchy new slogan: "Protecting peace."

To some observers, the tagline seemed a stretch. After all, the AK-47 and its derivatives are the weapon of choice for terrorists, pirates, and child soldiers. Once the standard-issue rifle of the Soviet Army, versions of the gun fill the arsenals of authoritarian regimes like North Korea and the warehouses of failed states like the Central African Republic. Most recently, the AK has been fielded by the Russia-backed rebels fighting in eastern Ukraine.

But as Kandelaki well knows, changing public perception is not a game of small measures. Boldness—her default setting—was required. Born in Tbilisi, Georgia, to an economist and an addiction specialist, Kandelaki studied journalism in college and began her career in radio. After moving to Moscow in 1995, she quickly found renown as the host of numerous entertainment and political programs on Russian radio and TV. In 2006, she was voted Russia's sexiest television host.

Russia's tabloid press avidly chronicled her outfits, rumored love interests, and colorful exploits, like the time she unexpectedly kissed fellow socialite Ksenia Sobchak at an awards show. Nonetheless, Kandelaki insists she has a low-key social life, spending most nights at home with her mother and two teenage children. (She says she won't reveal who she's dating until she gets married again.)

As befits a celebrity, Kandelaki has expensive tastes. Last year, she modeled the season's hottest looks in a shoot for *Tatler* featuring an extensive collection of Herve Leger dresses and diamond jewelry. Another passion of hers: high-octane cars. She owns a BMW 7-series, an Audi A8, and a Lamborghini Gallardo. A Reiki healing symbol tattooed on the back of her left hand covers a burn mark she reportedly suffered in 2006, when oligarch Suleiman Kerimov lost control of his Ferrari Enzo

Clockwise from top left:

General Mikhail Kalashnikov holding his creation; a Russian military grunt receives training in cold-weather combat; a group of Russian special forces.





while giving her a ride down the Promenade des Anglais in Nice, wrapping the car around a tree.

Naturally, she is a prominent figure on social media. After our interview, she uploaded a photograph of the two of us for her 800,000 Instagram followers with a teasing caption that included the hashtags “#interview #journalism #magazine #me.” The next day, I was blasted with 200 new follower requests and congratulations on my newfound fame.

But Kandelaki also has an impressive history in business. Bored with television, she joined the communications agency Apostol in 2009, buying a stake in the company and becoming director in 2013. Her touch has been apparent: Last year, Apostol was the leading communications agency in Russia, due in part to various state contracts. It doesn't hurt that while Kandelaki occasionally criticizes government policy, she is a strong supporter of Vladimir Putin. Her colleagues even gave her a malachite statue of the president as a New Year's present.

That said, because of Kalashnikov's appeal to militants who might not present the ideal image to the world at large—for instance, AKs played a prominent role in the recent *Charlie Hebdo* massacre—championing the company poses a unique challenge to even the most clever marketing expert. Not that Kandelaki ever shies away from a challenge.

“Yes, there are these stereotypes,” she admits. “I believe that the Kalashnikov is tied to the image of Russia, and Russia today is seen in very different ways around the world. There are very wide-ranging views, and most often it's not seen as it really is.”

THE ORIGINAL AK-47 was developed between 1946 and 1949 by Mikhail Kalashnikov, a WWII tank commander from Siberia. While a team of specialists contributed to the final product, the Soviet propaganda machine feted Kalashnikov as the gun's visionary inventor, holding him up as a national hero. The story of his journey from an impoverished childhood on the Altai steppe to technological innovator made

him the Horatio Alger story of the Soviet era.

And the AK-47 was indeed revolutionary, combining the rate of fire of a submachine gun with the longer range of a rifle. Made up of big, loosely fitting components, it's easy to manufacture and maintain, and it functions well in snowy, sandy, muddy, or humid conflict zones. Kalashnikov often said he made the gun for uneducated peasant boys like himself, since “soldiers don't finish school.”

Though it lacks the accuracy of the United States' M16 and is harder to wield, the Kalashnikov—which has been produced since 1949 with only

two major updates, the AKM in 1959 and the AK-74 in 1974—enjoys a well-earned reputation for near indestructibility.

During the Cold War, the USSR began shipping AKs around the world and licensed foreign production in various friendly nations. Today, some estimates put the number of such weapons in circulation at 100 million. Based on the millions who've lost their lives at the wrong end of the gun, it's considered the most lethal weapon in history—prized as a status symbol in many parts of the world and immortalized in the emblems of militant groups and even several national flags.

While its creator, for most of his life, blamed politicians for the havoc wreaked by his handiwork,

Russia's
tabloid press
has avidly
chronicled her
rumored love
interests
and colorful
exploits.



Kalashnikov once admitted wishing he'd pioneered a more peaceful invention, "for example, a lawn mower." Before his death in 2013, he revealed in a letter to the Russian Orthodox patriarch that he was suffering "spiritual pain" over his legacy.

Its ubiquity and durability arguably make the Kalashnikov one of the most recognizable products in the world, but these same traits have been a curse for the company, cutting into its later sales. With tens of millions of AKMs and AK-74s in its arsenals, the Russian military is more than adequately armed, and foreign markets are flooded. The gunmaker has responded to slumping demand by developing the AK-12, the first major update to the weapon since Soviet times—and hiring Tina Kandelaki to help sell it.

ON A GRAY WINTER MORNING in Izhevsk, the dreary mountain town that has produced arms for the Russian government since the beginning of the 19th century, I meet Vladimir Onokoy, a former private security contractor who once guarded tankers from Somali pirates. Now employed by the Kalashnikov Concern marketing department, he wants me to experience the new weapon for myself.

Interrupted occasionally by what sounds like a pile of bricks being dropped off the top of a building—an aircraft cannon being tested—Onokoy lays out the design enhancements of the AK-12, including an adjustable stock, universal rail mounts along the top and bottom to allow for scopes, grips, and lights, and a muzzle break that mitigates recoil.

To underline these improvements, he starts me off with an AK-47 made in 1955. Shivering on the unheated range, I can barely switch the

From left: Kalashnikov's marketing ace, Tina Kandelaki; newly assembled guns ready for shipping at the Kalashnikov Concern's Izhmash factory.

older weapon's heavy safety lever over to the first setting, full automatic. (Semiautomatic is the second setting, since Russian soldiers have traditionally lived by the principle "spray and pray," Onokoy says.) With a deep breath, I squeeze the trigger, the gun begins shooting, and the muzzle starts climbing inexorably upward. "Watch out; you're shooting into the ceiling!" Onokoy yells.

The lighter AK-12 feels better in my hands immediately, and it fires with ease. It shoots a smaller round, the recoil is minimal, and there's almost no muzzle climb when firing on automatic. Firing it feels like getting behind the wheel of a sedan after driving a school bus.

Given the uncertainty over military purchases, Kalashnikov has also been developing its civilian weapon lines, most of which are sold abroad due to Russia's stringent gun-ownership laws. That's where Kandelaki's rebranding efforts are aimed.

The company even brought in Steven Seagal, a friend of both Putin and defense czar Rogozin, to be a brand ambassador, but that partnership "ended before it began," according to Alexei Krivoruchko, part-owner and general director of Kalashnikov Concern. Kandelaki's star power, and the rebranding her Apostol agency devised, would have to do.

The main task of the makeover was to reorganize the company's offerings. "Our advantage over other companies is that we have a full range of weapons: pneumatic, hunting, and military," Krivoruchko says.

Apostol decided to separate these into three distinct product lines. Kalashnikov remained the brand for the military weapons, albeit with a spiffy new red logo featuring the AK's signature banana clip. Shotguns and hunting rifles are marketed under the name Baikal. And the highly engineered guns used for biathlons and other shooting sports are being branded as Izhmash.

Kandelaki and her team hammered out the various concepts in the company's wood-paneled conference room, often to (CONT. ON P. 96)

INFORMER:

ONLINE
DATING



THE DISRUPTION OF DATING is officially complete. You can barely land a girl's digits without engaging in the mating ritual known as "swiping right." There are millions of women waiting to be messaged and 2,500 apps, services, and sites to find everything from the earnest (ROMANTIC PARTNER) to the carnal (ONE-NIGHT STAND) to the über-specific (A TOUGH MUDDER FINISHER WHO CAN SPEAK DOTHRAKI). The options are vast, but almost two thirds of online daters are men. To provide an edge, we sifted through the data to help optimize profiles, outwit the algorithms, and get off the app and in front of the right woman as quickly as possible.

GET EXCLUSIVE ACCESS

TAP TO SIGN
UP FOR
YOUR WEEKLY
MAXIM
NEWSLETTER

MAXIM

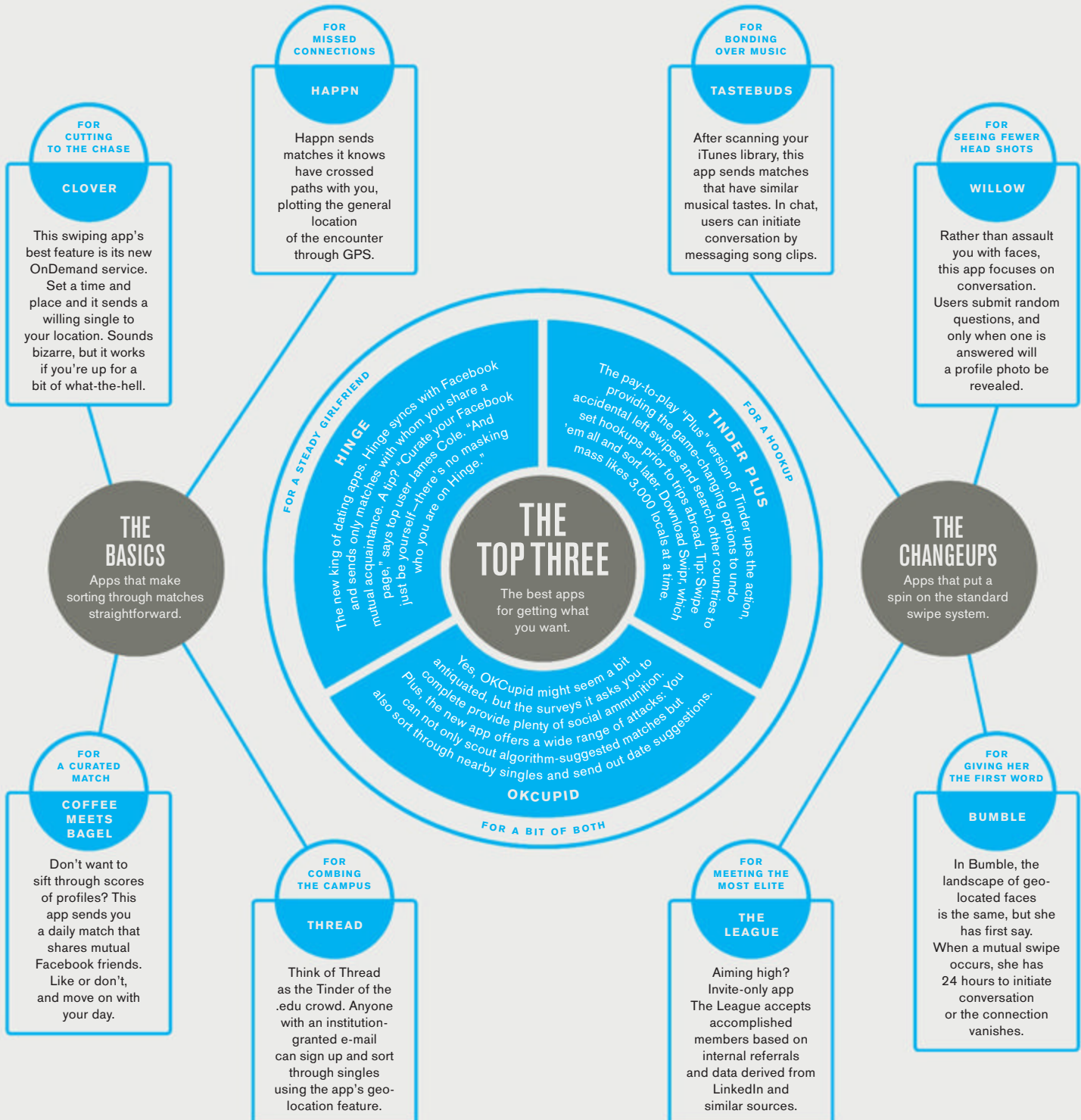
The Only Dating Apps That Matter

WE SPENT MONTHS RESEARCHING THE LATEST SERVICES. HERE ARE THE 11 YOU NEED.

DON'T BE SHY

The number of people in the U.S. who have tried online dating.

35.07_M



The Art of the Sell

WORDS MATTER FAR LESS THAN PHOTOS THESE DAYS, BUT THE RIGHT ONES STILL SPEAK VOLUMES. HERE, THE PROVEN STATS AND ADVICE TO HELP WITH THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PROFILE.

PANTS ON FIRE

On average, online daters are two inches shorter and five pounds heavier than what they state in their profile.



1 KEEP IT BRIEF

On sites that require self-descriptions, the optimal word count is 225.

"That's the length that gives you enough space to make a sale for yourself without sounding overbearing," says Scott Valdez, CEO of Virtual Dating Assistants.

2 EASY ON THE ADJECTIVES

"Women connect with words in an emotional way," Valdez says, "but if you don't provide context, you're not going to have much success." In other words: Don't just say you're adventurous; drop in a sentence about that motorcycle trip across Malaysia.

3 PLAY UP YOUR PASSIONS

"Any profile that hints at ambition or passion does markedly better," Valdez notes. "You want to focus on your top qualities and the things that get you most excited." Psyched about mastering that Sabbath riff or grilling the perfect steak? Mention it.

4 INCLUDE A CALL TO ACTION

Like "Message me if you know where to find the best breakfast burrito in the city" or "Hit me up if you know how to rock climb." Studies show that specific requests draw 15 percent more replies.

PLAY MAKERS

It's hard to say exactly what works in a profile, but the data proves that cash and commitment are king.

RESPONSE RATE
-100% 0 +100%

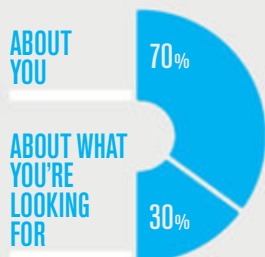
LIST AN INCOME OF SIX FIGURES OR MORE +42%

INDICATE "LOOKING FOR A RELATIONSHIP" +38%

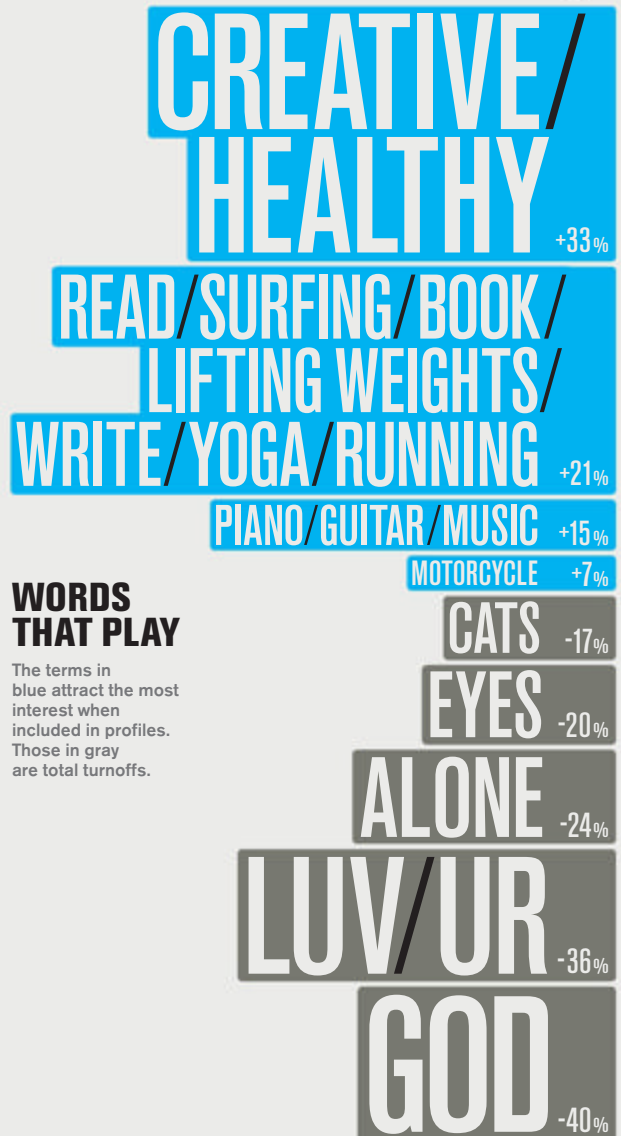
INDICATE "KEEPING THINGS CASUAL" -56%

TALK SMACK ABOUT A PAST RELATIONSHIP -83%

THE RIGHT PROFILE RATIO



RESPONSE RATE



WORDS THAT PLAY

The terms in blue attract the most interest when included in profiles. Those in gray are total turnoffs.

THE WRITE STUFF

Whatever you say in your profile, keep in mind that your main goal is to build a narrative around the experiences women might have with you. Say, for instance, you're an aspiring musician. Mention your love of guitar and the weekend club gig you play. Throw in some info about what you'd like from a potential match as well as a joke or two and you're on your way. Don't overthink it—the most effective information is the easiest to process—and just be yourself (the version that uses spell-check, that is).

Show Your Best Self

IN THE ITCHY-FINGERED WORLD OF ONLINE DATING, THE MAIN PROFILE PICTURE IS ONE'S BEST MARKETING TOOL. HERE, HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE CAMERA-READY.

KEEP IT FRESH

Switch your main photo every couple of weeks or you'll be more likely to get passed over.



DO

+203% BE A MAN IN FULL

Don't be shy: Users with main profile photos that showed their entire body received 203 percent more messages than their tightly cropped counterparts.

+10% THINK ABOUT INK

Photos that show tats, piercings, or other unusual body mods play well, receiving 10 percent more responses than those that don't.

+30% BARE YOUR TEETH

Some argue brooding is best, but a smile draws 30 percent more swipes. It's all in the execution, however: Genuine smiles that crinkle the eyes are most effective.

+18% GROW SOME STUBBLE

It's always time for a five o'clock shadow: Guys with beards and stubble tend to receive, on average, 18 percent more responses.

+20% POST LOTS OF PICS

Men who posted four or more photos received 20 percent more positive responses than those who didn't.



DON'T

-19% BE A HOMEBODY

Profile pictures taken outside earn 19 percent more right swipes. Those taken closer to sunrise and sunset appear to do better, too.

-42% POSE WITH FRIENDS

Group pics used for a main shot make it difficult to tell who you are and give the impression you're trying to be attractive by association.

-17% USE THE FLASH

Soft lighting is key: Flash-saturated photos add roughly 10 years to a face and lead to 17 percent fewer messages.

-14% LOOK AT THE CAMERA

Looking away from the lens leads to 14 percent more messages. Just make sure your eyes can still be seen.

-62% ACT LIKE A LUSH

Lose those party pics. Anything that hints at excessive boozing—in your main profile shot or not—results in 62 percent fewer messages.

NOW, ABOUT THOSE OTHER PICTURES...

The rest of the images you post are a visual representation of your personality. But **Professor Khalid S. Khan**, of the London School of Medicine, who reviewed 86 dating studies, also found that three types of additional images work well: one with a female friend who's smiling at you (women find a man more attractive when other women are comfortable in his presence), one where you're in the middle (it increases your importance), and one where you're touching someone's arm (it's a sign of status and ups attractiveness).

Take It Offline

SO THERE'S A MATCH. SHE SEEMS ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING AND DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE A SEXUALIZED SPAMBOT. FOLLOW THESE FOUR STEPS TO GET FROM PHONE TO FACE-TO-FACE.

INDULGE IN A LIQUID DIET

Opt for drinks instead of dinner. Food is too much of a time commitment with a complete stranger. More than half of daters agree.

59% 

INITIATING FIRST CONTACT

1 MAKE THE FIRST MOVE QUICKLY

The first message is online dating's do-or-die moment. Why? Women initiate interactions only 8 percent of the time. So man up. The key is "to come across as an approachable, normal guy she wouldn't mind having a drink with," advises Talia Goldstein, CEO of matchmaking service Three Day Rule.

2 SHOW SOME EFFORT

The most unappealing chat bubble is the one containing thoughtless openers like "Hi," "Hello, beautiful,"

or a lame one-liner. A better approach: "Read her profile and establish a commonality," says Goldstein. "Maybe you've traveled to the same country or have a mutual friend. She'll scroll through and read messages that indicate you've read her profile." So call out her Smiths tee or that stunning photo of Machu Picchu, or try out one of our approved openers below.

3 ASK QUESTIONS

She responded? Great. Don't keep her waiting. Unlike standard texting, eagerness plays well in online dating. Ask her where she works or what she did this past weekend—any question that requires

more than a yes or no answer. And take the conversation offline after no more than two or three days of exchanges. Say: "I hate chatting on this app—here's my number." She'll likely send hers.

4 TAKE CHARGE

Ask her out within 24 hours, or she'll lose interest. The plans don't have to be for tomorrow, but get something on the books for the near future. "Always go to her hood for the first date," Goldstein says. "And give her options: one fancy, one casual. She'll love that you're taking charge." Don't text until the day before. Remind her you exist, but don't be needy. Anticipation is key.

THE BEST TIMES TO CHAT



GOLDEN OPENERS

Don't have an icebreaker? Each of the opening lines below gets a response rate of 84 percent or higher.

RESPONSE RATE

DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE EXCLUSIVE? +88%

[NAME OF APP] SAYS I'D REGRET NOT TALKING TO YOU. I BELIEVE IT. +86%

USING ONLY EMOTICONS, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL SATURDAY NIGHT? +84%

The thing about online dating? The "dating" doesn't start until you're offline. The purpose of the first meeting, then, is to prove you're a guy worth seeing again. An easy way to establish credibility: Arrive early and secure two stools at the bar.

This allows you to chat with the bartender, and when she walks in, she'll realize you're the socially fluent guy with whom she was messaging. Greet her with a hug or kiss on the cheek and stay at the bar. Leave some space between your seats, as distance is a power indicator and helps establish intrigue; so does good posture. We're not here to tell you how to have a conversation, but be sure to lock eyes and listen carefully. Experts say first dates should be limited to two hours. But play it by ear. Remember: The goal of the first date is to secure a second.

(CONT. FROM P. 89) the music of popular Russian artists like Alexander Rozenbaum, who sings in an amped-up folk genre celebrating the comedic and tragic exploits of criminals. The goal was to tap into “alpha energy that is in the Russian man today,” she explains. They also commissioned a series of photographs of Russian men toting Kalashnikovs to help them imagine “what would have to happen in the lives of these ordinary people for them to take up arms,” she adds.

Apostol’s most controversial innovation, its new slogan, was unveiled at a December marketing event in Moscow, during which army generals, businessmen, and bureaucrats enjoyed a promotional video of special forces with AK-12s hunting down Islamic insurgents in the Caucasus. Near the entrance, girls in red lipstick and tight dresses handed out banana clips emblazoned with the new logo.

It was an impressive spectacle, but by then Kalashnikov’s fortunes had already suffered a considerable setback due to the unrest in Ukraine. After Putin annexed Crimea and sent arms and troops to bolster rebels in the country’s east, the United States instituted sanctions that effectively cut off Kalashnikov’s primary civilian export market.

Of the 90,000 guns that Kalashnikov planned to sell to buyers in the States, only 34,000 were delivered. According to Krivoruchko, the company was still able to sell the remainder, turning a profit in 2014 for the first time in years.

Even so, gun industry insiders express skepticism about the company’s future. “I read that Kalashnikov is reorienting to Asia,” says Erik Mustafin, who exports Vepr-brand rifles to the United States. “But who will buy? China? They make unlicensed Kalashnikovs,” he notes, “and there’s not the weapons cult that there is in America.”

Militant groups that eagerly want AKs often lack “purchasing power,” adds Pavel Felgenhauer, a Moscow-based military analyst, who points out several other hurdles: “The Europeans don’t buy Kalashnikovs to keep in the house. The Americans do, but they’re out of reach now. Kalashnikov’s business future seems to lie with the Russian security services, but the defense ministry won’t want to spend that money when they already have millions of them lying around.”

C.J. Chivers, the author of *The Gun*, the definitive history of the Kalashnikov rifle, recalls that when he first visited Izhmash in 2004, the company was also in the middle of a marketing campaign to promote their products in the United States and other Western markets. “Izhmash’s marketers spoke of grand visions under which this ‘new’—actually very mature and competitive—market was going to save the company,” Chivers says. “It didn’t work. The latest reboot probably will not work either, beyond having its media moment, as all the previous difficulties are still in place and the new sanctions cast the whole enterprise in even greater doubt.”

But whatever the challenges, he adds, the Russian government is unlikely to let the state-owned company behind the nation’s single most recognizable export go out of business.

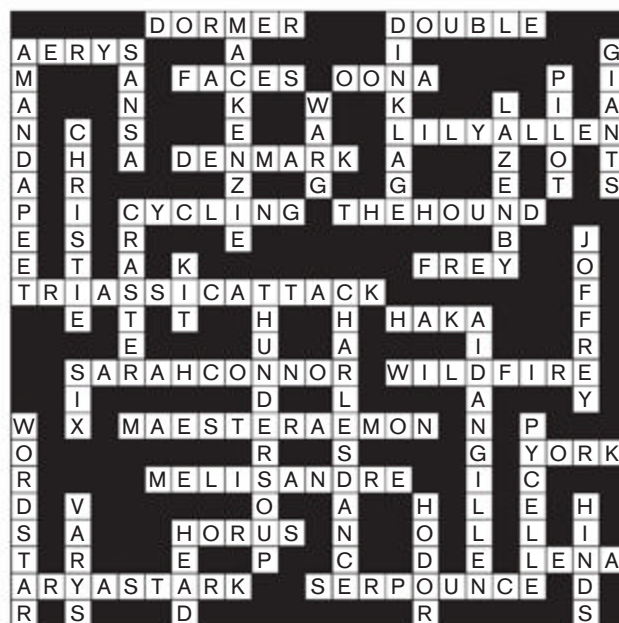
Indeed, a plan to invest 4.5 billion rubles (\$67 million) to double the enterprise’s manufacturing capacity and expand to new markets by 2020 is moving forward. Kandelaki insists that the Kalashnikov brand, like Russia, will overcome the odds to reemerge on the world scene.

There are patriotic overtones in her voice as she makes the pitch. “For the American citizen, it’s an old story: When there is injustice in the world, the American soldier goes and protects the weak and defenseless,” Kandelaki says. “This is a period when we shout to the world with our brand that we’re ready to go and protect our own, and we’re ready to give the possibility to others to protect those values that are common across the world.”

Lock and load. ■

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p. 24: Dimitrijs Hohlovs.
p. 31: Brock Elbank; model, Jimmy Niggles.
p. 54: Graeme Montgomery/Trunk Archive.
p. 67: Sweater, \$1,100, Salvatore Ferragamo;
available at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques
nationwide. Watch, \$17,900, OMEGA;
available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide.
p. 68: Trench, \$12,670, Louis Vuitton;
available at louisvuitton.com. Sweater,
\$1,460, Louis Vuitton; available at
louisvuitton.com.
p. 69: Jacket, \$1,995, BALLY; available
at bally.com. Sweater, \$590, Bottega
Veneta; available at Bottega Veneta
boutiques. Watch, \$1,775, Montblanc;
available at montblanc.com.
p. 70: Sweater, \$1,130, Prada; available
at prada.com. Watch, \$4,800, Bell & Ross;
available at bellross.com.
p. 71: Jacket, \$2,575, and shirt, \$875,
Giorgio Armani; available at Giorgio Armani
boutiques nationwide. Watch, \$2,495,
Movado; available at 917-934-4962.
p. 72: Sweater, \$249, Tommy Hilfiger;
available at tommy.com. Watch, \$7,075,
Breitling; visit breitling.com to find your
nearest retailer.
p. 73: Suit, \$2,775, Gucci; available at Gucci
5th Avenue, NYC. Sweater, \$450, Burberry
Brit; available at burberry.com. Watch, \$750,
Victorinox; available at swissarmy.com.
p. 74: Sport coat, \$2,095, Canali Capsule
Collection by Andrea Pompilio; available at
select Bloomingdale’s. Shirt, \$1,440, Prada;
available at prada.com. Watch, \$3,700, Ebel;
available at 917-934-4962.
p. 78: Suit, \$1,685, shirt, \$295, tie, \$195,
and shoes, \$795, Dsquared²; available at
Dsquared², 402 West Broadway, NYC.
Socks, \$6, Topman; available at topman.com.
p. 79: Gray jacket, \$3,500, shirt, \$720, and
tie, \$210, Dior Homme; available at Dior
Homme. Tie bar, \$15, Tie Bar; available at
thetiebar.com. Navy jacket, \$3,500, shirt,
\$720, and tie, \$210, Dior Homme; available
at Dior Homme. Tie bar, \$15, Tie Bar;
available at thetiebar.com.
p. 80: Silver suit, \$1,395, and shirt, \$450,
Calvin Klein Collection; available at
calvinklein.com/collection. Tie, \$65, Calvin
Klein White Label; available at calvinklein
.com. Briefcase, \$2,430, Prada; available
at prada.com. Suit, \$1,795, and shirt,
\$450, Calvin Klein Collection; available
at calvinklein.com/collection. Tie, \$65,
Calvin Klein White Label; available at
calvinklein.com. Briefcase, \$498,
Michael Kors; available at Michael Kors,
520 Broadway, NYC.
p. 81: Blazer, \$1,975, Marc Jacobs; available
at marcjacobs.com. Shirt, Dsquared², \$295;
available at Dsquared², 402 West Broadway,
NYC. Tie, \$250, Prada; available at select
Prada boutiques. Pants, \$695, Marc Jacobs;
available at marcjacobs.com. Shoes,
Prada, price upon request; available at select
Prada boutiques. Socks, \$6, Topman;
available at topman.com.
p. 82: Jacket, \$3,495, shirt, \$875, and pants,
\$1,425, Giorgio Armani; available at Giorgio
Armani boutiques nationwide. Shoes, \$795,
Dsquared²; available at Dsquared², 402 West
Broadway, NYC.
p. 83: Navy suit, \$3,770, shirt, \$550, and tie,
\$250, Prada; available at select Prada
boutiques. Burgundy suit, \$3,590, shirt,
\$550, tie, \$250, and shoes, Prada, price
upon request; available at select Prada
boutiques.
p. 87: Kalashnikov, Sergey Chirikov/EPA/
Landov; soldiers in snow, Bettmann/Corbis;
Russian soldiers, Global Look/Corbis.

PLEASE SEE CROSSWORD ON PAGE 98.



GO BIG *and* ~~or~~ GO HOME

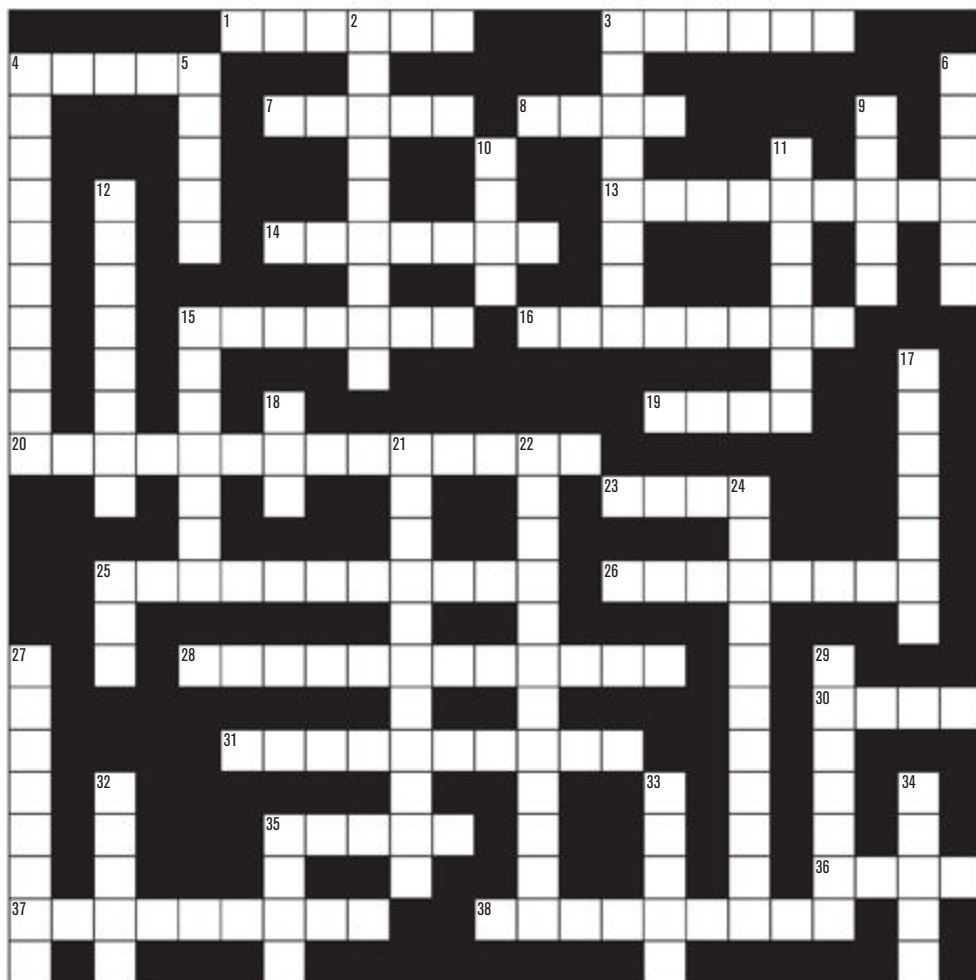


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ACROSS

1. *Hunger Games* scene-stealer
3. Harington's butt in the cave
4. Wanted to "burn them all"
7. Some trees have them, some men don't
8. The Little Tramp's royal kin
13. Reek's rock-star sister
14. Where Jaime is a movie star
15. Jorah Mormont's real-life hobby
16. Gregor Clegane's brother
19. World's worst wedding planner
20. Emilia Clarke's Syfy masterpiece
23. Khal Drogo's actual dance
25. Role shared by Daenerys and Cersei
26. King's Landing chemical weapon
28. Partially blind actor's role
30. Likely Stark inspiration
31. Birthed regicidal smog
35. Jaime Lannister's immortal next role
36. Tattooed former boxer
37. She's making a list...
38. Baratheon played by a tabby

DOWN

2. "Dead" wildling Crook
3. *Seinfeld*'s sexy voice
4. Showrunner's skeptical spouse
5. Adopted her wolf
6. George R.R. Martin's favorite team
9. The episode that never aired
10. Has a bird's-eye view
11. Olenna Tyrell's *Secret Service* costar
12. 6'6" in heels, Gwendoline
15. Daughter lover, walker feeder
17. Adolescent impression of Joaquin Phoenix
18. Named after Marlowe
21. The Hound's band
22. Sardo Numspa?
24. John Cena's *12 Rounds* foil
25. Estimated budget, in millions, per episode
27. GRRM's processor of choice
29. He "chose poorly" with *Indy*
32. Keeps a sorcerer in the crate
33. Hodor?
34. Was previously emperor of Rome, Ciarán
35. Sean Bean's missing piece

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